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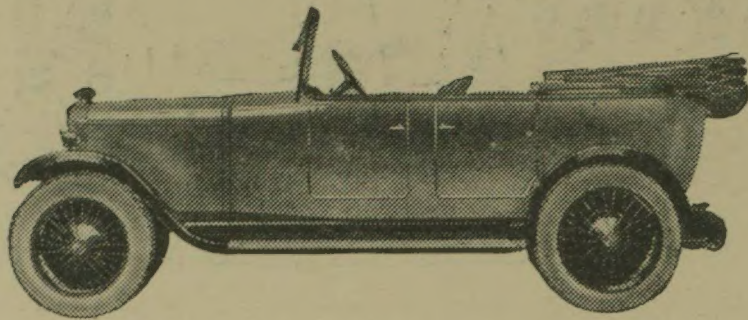
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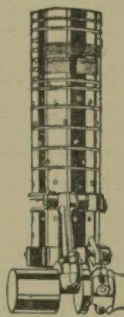
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1925.

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A STRONG HAND AT THE HELM: A BIG CUTTER FINDS A ROUGH SEA.

Mr. Herbert Weld's "Lulworth," on board of which this photograph was taken, is one of the Big Five of British yachting. She was formerly known as the "Terpsichore," and she is looked upon as a very formidable rival to his Majesty's "Britannia"—perhaps her greatest rival.

PHOTOGRAPH BY S. AND G.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MY remarks last week about the Dayton controversy were written just before, though they were published just after, the sensational news of the sad death of Mr. Bryan. I should like to state this fact, in case there should have been any unseasonable touches of flippancy, on a matter about which most people in this country were flippant. And indeed, in any case, I think that many people in this country were rather too flippant. There really was a moral to the tale of "Monkeyville," and it was not the moral that most of us were tempted to draw; still less the joke that most of us were tempted to make. It is something that remains after the comedy of Dayton and after the tragedy of Bryan. Indeed, it is something that was there before this comic and tragic crisis came, and would still have been there if it had never come. When all is said and done, there really was and is a modern problem, which was the real problem troubling the honest jurymen of Tennessee.

For the problem is likely to prove a nuisance. It will be none the less a nuisance in the future because nobody is taking any particular trouble to face it in the present. In practical politics the survival of the fittest frequently means only the survival of the fussiest. And I fancy I can foresee a very considerable fuss, in the near future, about the Dayton difficulty, which some ridiculed as merely a thing of the past. The particular question of whether Americans are on the side of the angels or on the side of the apes, in the single scandal of alleged materialism at "Monkeyville," may indeed be a thing of the past. Anyhow, journalists may now be excused for treating it as a thing of the past; though, curiously enough, there are two quite contrary reasons for calling it so. One set of scientists will say it is an old business because Natural Selection is established. Another set of scientists will say it is an old business because Natural Selection is exploded. The old biologists may still think Darwinism too new to be disputed. The young biologists will often think it too old to be defended. But those who think Darwin too right to be questioned, and those who think Darwin too questionable to be followed, may well join in thinking him a very old subject to be discussed. They may well, therefore, decline any further discussion; and, even if they are not bored with Darwin, they may well be bored with Dayton.

But the real problem that remains has nothing necessarily to do with either Dayton or Darwin. It is a real problem because it has to do with the real world of existing education and politics. It is not concerned with the professors of fifty years ago, but with the schoolmasters of to-day. It is a problem of the schools; a problem of education; it is not concerned with monkeys, but with men. And if "Monkeyville" did not exactly solve it, most of those who make fun of "Monkeyville" do not seem even to know that it exists to be solved. So far from having discovered the solution, they have not yet discovered the problem. And in that respect, all the enlightened Evolutionists who have smiled over the affair are really much less advanced, much less in touch with the time, much less aware of the new world of the twentieth century, than the wild Fundamentalists of Tennessee.

The problem arises out of compulsory education. It is the great paradox of the modern world. It is the fact that at the very time when the world decided that people should not be coerced about their form of religion, it also decided that they should be coerced about their form of education. Queen Elizabeth made an Act of Conformity by which all the populace had to go to church; Queen Victoria saw the making

of another Act of Conformity by which all the populace had to go to school. Now in pure reason it is quite clear and quite certain that both were in the same sense persecution. Both assumed certain things to be true, and punished anybody who acted as if they were false. But this rational recognition was covered and confused for some time by two facts—or fictions. The first was what may be called the Theory of the Three R's. That is, it was the theory that instruction could be confined to things so simple and so self-evident that nobody but a lunatic would be in the least likely to dispute them. The other was what may be called the Theory of Secular Education, which people with more confused minds called Unsectarian Education, or Undenominational Education. That is, it was the theory that religion, in the strict sense of theology, was the only thing about

exclude these topics as theological. Few people say, when offered a glass of sherry: "Do not be so denominational." Few consider the remark: "My wife is at Brighton," as a provocative and wounding reflection on the Koran. But this was not because religious disagreements do not matter, but because on these points most Englishmen did not really disagree in religion. But with the growth of new philosophies and theories, they do really disagree in religion. The Prohibitionist does think it not only denominational, but disgraceful, to drink the glass of sherry. The Free Lover does not think it disgraceful, or perhaps even denominational, to be connected with five women instead of one. In other words, we can no longer feel that religious controversy will only arise out of religious conversation. In that sense, we can no longer be sure that religion can only arise out of religion.

Now it is nonsense to say that such a philosophy cannot be inculcated except through theology. It is nonsense to say that you have kept such things out of the school merely by keeping the priest out of the school, when you admit the professor into the school. The professor can preach any sectarian idea, not in the name of a sect, but in the name of a science. The professor can preach the devilish destructiveness of the glass of sherry, and call it a lesson in psychology or pathology. The professor can preach the advantages of polygamy, and call it a lesson in anthropology or history. The professor can insinuate any ideas about life because biology is the study of life. The professor can suggest any view of the nature of man because history is the story of man. And the case is complicated by the fact that the educationists are teaching more and more subjects, even while pretending to preach fewer and fewer creeds. It is impossible to use the old arguments of the self-evident character of the Three R's when the Three R's really stand for Reason, Religion, and Rationalism. It is impossible to argue at once that the schoolmaster ought to teach everything, and to argue that he will teach nothing that will not please everybody. In practice he need only teach whatever pleases somebody; that somebody being himself. And if his own private opinions happen to be of the rather crude sort that are commonly contemporary with, and connected with, the new sciences or pseudo-sciences, he can teach any of them under cover of those sciences. That is what the people of Dayton, Tennessee, were really in revolt against. And that is where the people of Dayton, Tennessee, were really and completely right.

It is obviously most unjust that the old believer should be forbidden to teach his old beliefs, while the new believer is free to teach his new beliefs. It is true that the Bible-worship of the Fundamentalists is not really very old. It is true that the Natural Selection of the Darwinians is not really very new. But in those American conditions the things stand in some such relation; and, however they stand, the general argument is left standing. It is obviously unfair and unreasonable that secular education should forbid one man to say a religion is true and allow another man to say it is untrue. It is obviously essential to justice that unsectarian education should cut both ways; and that if the orthodox must cut out the statement that man has a Divine origin, the materialist must cut out the statement that he has a wholly and exclusively bestial origin. The difficulty arises from the combination of the widening of education with the exclusion of religious education. But if the Fundamentalists say that some secularists abuse the right of secular education, they say what is exceedingly probable—and, if they say it is intolerable, they tell the truth.



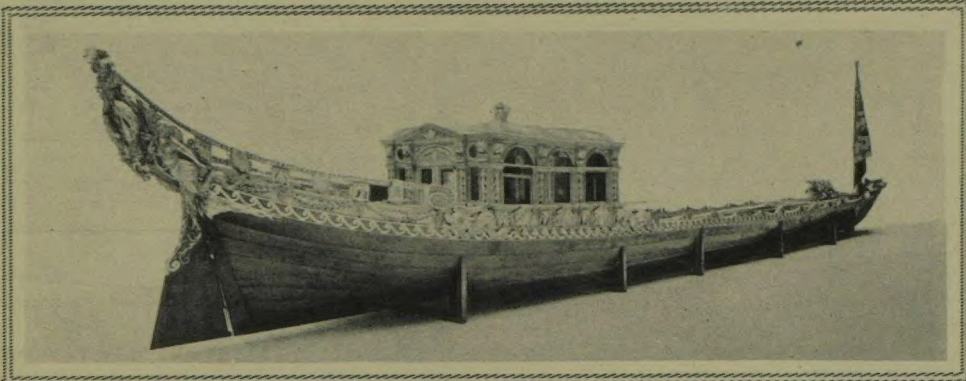
THE PICTURE THAT WON THE GRAND PRIX DE ROME FOR PAINTING FOR THE FIRST WOMAN TO SECURE THAT AWARD: "LA LEGENDE DE SAINT RONAN," BY Mlle. ODETTE PAUVERT. Mlle. Pauvert, who is twenty-one, was the first woman to compete for the Grand Prix de Rome for painting. She studied under Mme. Emile Renard and Ferdinand Humbert.

which even the lunatics would be likely to quarrel. In short, the theory was that a Christian and a Mahometan might learn the same lessons in the same class, on ninety-nine subjects out of a hundred, so long as nobody mentioned Mahomet or mentioned Christ. It seems strange that nobody noticed the limitations of such a view. Men do not, indeed, talk incessantly at every dance or dinner-party on the subject of Mahomet. But men do occasionally talk about wine. Men do even in their wilder moments talk about wives. And the Moslem and the Christian must either be taught separately about wine and wives; or they must be taught together at the expense of one religion or the other; or they must never be taught about wine or wives at all. The latter is what ought logically to follow from unsectarian education, though it seems a little defective as a detailed scheme of instruction about life. In practice, few people do

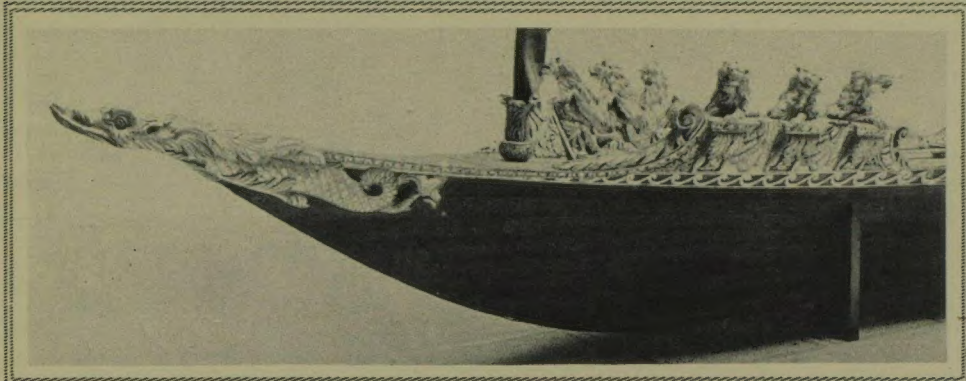
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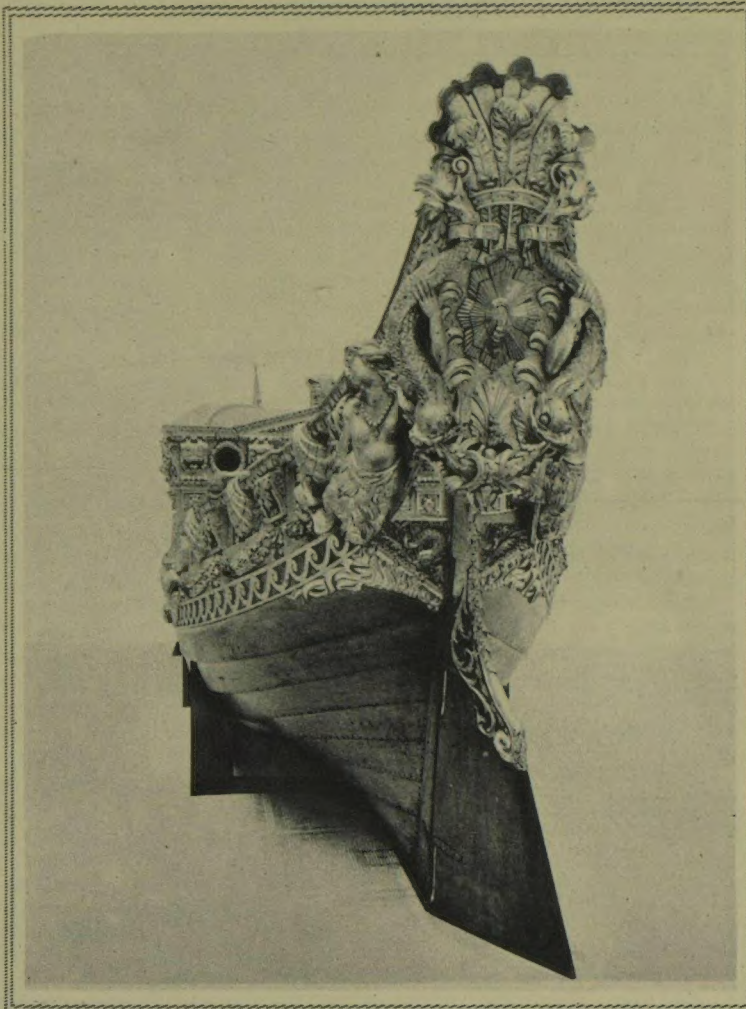
USED ON THE THAMES!—AN ORNATE 18TH CENTURY CRAFT.



BUILT IN 1732, FOR FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES, AND NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A ROYAL STATE BARGE, DESIGNED BY WILLIAM KENT.



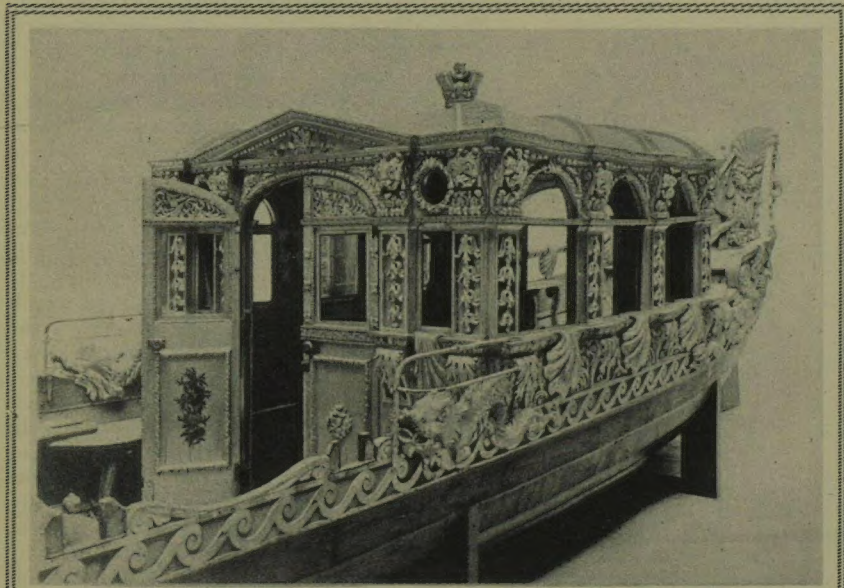
THE FINE PAINTED AND GILDED BOW, AT WHICH QUEEN VICTORIA'S STANDARD IS NOW FLOWN: THE DOLPHIN AND LIONS.



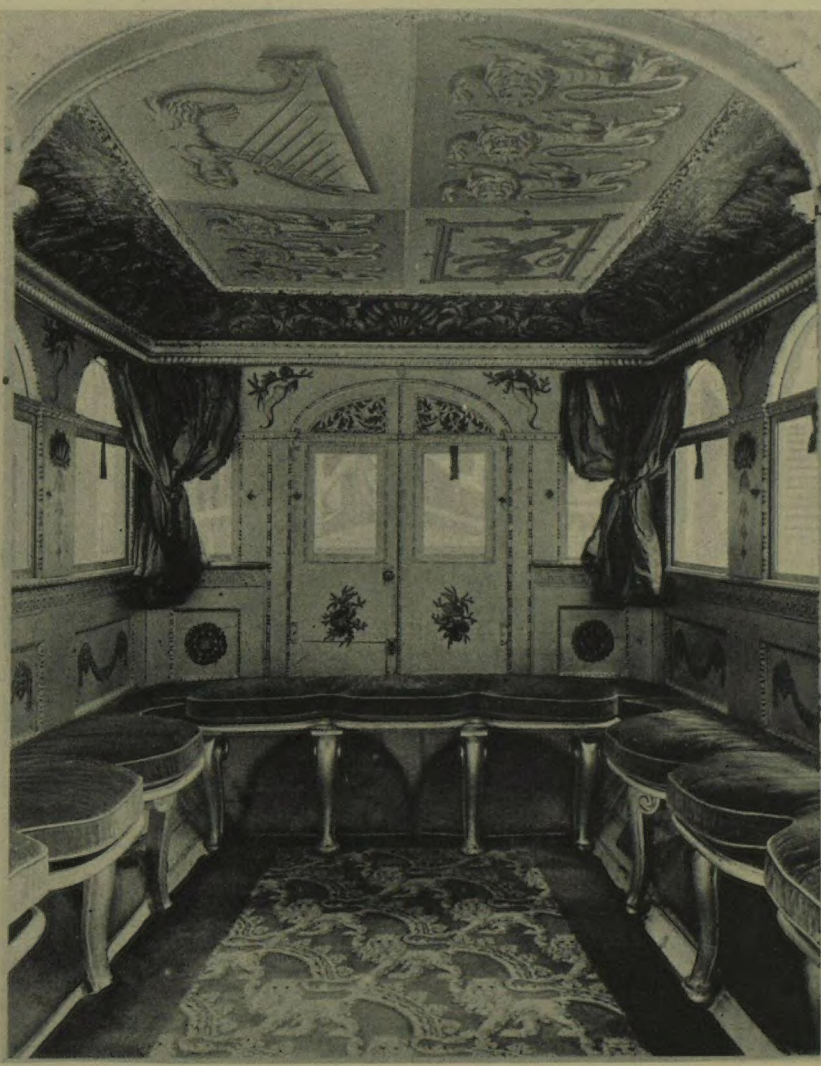
LIKE ALL THE CARVING (SAVE THE CROWN), IN ITS ORIGINAL CONDITION: THE STERN, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS, AND THE GARTER.

THIS State barge, now nearly two hundred years old, is the only existing example of the gorgeous vessels which, between the fifteenth and nineteenth centuries, besides taking part in many elaborate water pageants, were commonly used by princes, nobles, and corporations both for business and pleasure on the Thames. Built in 1732 for Frederick, Prince of Wales, the vessel passed to his son, who, after his succession as King George III., employed it as the Royal State Barge on many formal occasions, including the funeral procession of Lord Nelson by water from Greenwich to Whitehall. From George III. it passed to his successors on the throne. In its present state the barge bears on its cabin roof the crown, on its cabin ceiling the arms, and at its bow the standard of Queen Victoria, by whom it was used in State processions on the Thames up to 1849. The barge then spent many years as a royal pleasure boat on Virginia Water, in Windsor Great Park, until, in 1883, her Majesty lent it for exhibition at the Fisheries Exhibition, at South Kensington. Unfortunately, in order to facilitate transport on that occasion, the barge was sawn into three sections. Since that date the barge has remained in the Exhibition buildings, which now

(Continued opposite.)



SHOWING THE CROWN: THE ELABORATELY EMBELLISHED CABIN OF THE STATE BARGE, IN WHICH GEORGE III. AND QUEEN VICTORIA JOURNEYED.



SHOWING THE ARMS OF QUEEN VICTORIA ON THE CEILING: THE CABIN OF THE BARGE, IN KEEPING WITH THE ORNATENESS OF THE WHOLE OF THE CRAFT.

(Continued.)

form part of the Science Museum, badly crowded by more utilitarian objects; but at length it has been possible to display this magnificent example of the boatbuilder's and carver's arts in the spacious surroundings of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The original gilding and the crimson paint have been most carefully and successfully cleaned, without any retouching, and the three sections have been once again united, without loss to the eye. With the exception of the crown on the cabin roof, the whole of the carving on the barge remains in its

original condition, exactly as designed by the well-known architect, William Kent, and corresponds accurately with the details mentioned in the carvers' bills which are still preserved in the Office of the Duchy of Cornwall. When built, the vessel, which is 63 ft. 6 in. long and 7 ft. in breadth, was described as a twelve-oar barge; but she was afterwards arranged to pull twenty-one oars. It will be recalled that in 1912 the King and Queen attended Henley Regatta in state, using the barge built by William III. for his consort, Queen Mary.

REMARKABLE "FINDS" IN CENTRAL ASIA: NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SIR AUREL STEIN'S third Central-Asian expedition, carried out under the orders and at the expense of the Indian Government, led him during the years 1913-16 through great portions of Eastern Turkestan and westernmost China, and towards its end was extended across the Pamirs into North-Eastern Persia. Apart from the mapping of vast areas in the Chinese portion of innermost Asia, it resulted in a remarkable collection of archaeological objects, all the property of the Indian Government. Among them is a large series of wall paintings from ruined Buddhist shrines, which has now been set up by Mr. F. H. Andrews, Sir Aurel's artist collaborator, at New Delhi.

Selected specimens from the more portable antiquities have been temporarily brought to the British Museum to be reproduced in "Innermost Asia," Sir Aurel's detailed report, now passing through the Oxford University Press. A selection from these antiquities is now temporarily exhibited in the Ceramic Gallery with the kind permission of the Museum authorities.

After reaching the Tarim Basin from Kashmir, the expedition crossed the great desert of the Taklamakan

grave-pits. Other burials, some remarkably well preserved (see illustrations on this page), acquaint us with the physical type and daily life of the scanty population of indigenous hunters and fishermen who lived in Lou-lan before its final abandonment early in the fourth century A.D.

From the delta of the dried-up river, Sir Aurel Stein traced the ancient Chinese trade route across the salt-encrusted bed of the prehistoric sea and its utterly barren shores. The line followed by it was all through historical times wholly devoid of water and vegetation for a direct distance of more than a hundred miles. Among the relics left behind by the traffic which had toiled through this wilderness were two hundred odd Chinese copper coins and bronze arrows (illustrated on this page). They were picked up on the surface beyond the last watch-tower on the Lou-lan side, lying in a line just as they had successively dropped from a bag or box carried by some military convoy of Han times.

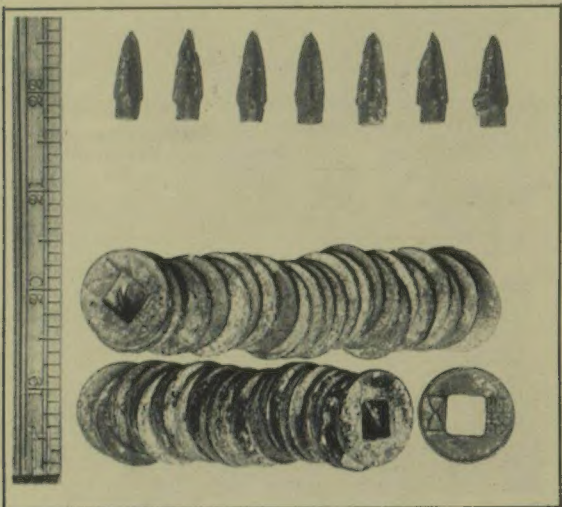
On reaching the terminal basin of the Su-lo-ho to the east, the exploration of the Chinese *Limes* constructed about 102 B.C. for the protection of the route into Central Asia was resumed. Its abandoned watch stations yielded relics of the life led by the soldiers guarding this desolate border (see the snare used for catching small game, illustrated on page 250), including plentiful Chinese documents on wood of the first century before and after Christ.

From the sacred site of the "Thousand Buddhas' Caves," south of Tun-huang, there were recovered some five hundred well-preserved Chinese manuscript rolls, mostly Buddhist, dating from the fifth to the ninth century A.D., and belonging to the great *cache* to which Sir Aurel Stein had first secured access on his second expedition.

The exploration of the Chinese *Limes* was extended eastwards for a total distance of about four hundred miles, mostly desert. Then, descending the Etsin-gol River into southernmost Mongolia, the Khara-khoto site, first discovered by Colonel Kozlov, was visited. Its ruins yielded interesting remains dating from the Tangut domination (twelfth to thirteenth century). These included numerous block-prints and manuscript remains in Hsi-hsia and Tibetan, besides stucco reliefs, decorated ceramics, etc.

A two-months' journey in the autumn of 1914, through unexplored portions of the barren Pei-shan hills and along the easternmost T'ien-shan, brought the expedition back to Chinese Turkestan for a winter's work in the depression of Turfan. The cave shrines near Murtuk yielded a large collection of fine wall-paintings of the Uigur period. From the much-exploited ruins of the Uigur capital at Karakhoja there was recovered, *inter alia*, an interesting *cache* of metal and other objects (page 251).

Particularly instructive finds rewarded the systematic exploration of a large series of tombs in an ancient cemetery adjoining the present village of Astana. The extreme aridity of the climate had assured excellent preservation to the remains of burials dating,



DROPPED BY AN ANCIENT CARAVAN ALONG THE LINE OF THE "SILK ROUTE," WHERE IT CROSSED THE LOP DESERT: CHINESE COPPER COINS AND BRONZE ARROW-HEADS OF THE HAN PERIOD PICKED UP ON THE SURFACE.

Photograph by Courtesy of the High Commissioner for India and Sir Aurel Stein.

to Khotan, and thence proceeded to visit the remains of ancient oases eastwards abandoned to the desert between the third and ninth centuries A.D. One among these was the ancient settlement of the Niya site. From dwellings buried under drift sand since the third century A.D. there were recovered many ancient wooden documents written in Indian script and language, as illustrated on page 251. The reproduction of a wooden mouse-trap (page 250) shows one of the household implements frequently met with in the ruined houses.

Towards the close of the second century B.C. trade intercourse between China and Western Asia was first opened through the Tarim basin. Soon followed by political penetration, it caused Chinese influence to be widely felt there in many aspects of material civilisation. This is most strikingly illustrated by the discoveries made in the area of ancient Lou-lan, now comprised in the wholly waterless, wind-eroded desert to the north of Lop-nor. Through it and the salt-encrusted wastes of a great prehistoric sea-bed extending eastwards there had passed the earliest route followed by the caravans which carried the silk fabrics of China—the famous products of the ancient *Seres*—into Central Asia, and thence to the classical West.

By exploring grave-pits into which remains of earlier Chinese burials had been collected by pious hands before this route became impassable through the drying-up of the Kuruk-darya river, Sir Aurel Stein recovered numerous and very interesting remains of beautiful figured Chinese silks, both polychrome and damasks, dating probably between the first century B.C. and second century A.D. All these remains belonged to old garments which, in accordance with an old Chinese burial custom, had been used for the tight wrapping up of the dead. Fragments of woollen tapestries, unmistakably Hellenistic in style, were also found in those



WITH BASKETS OF FOOD AT HEAD AND BREAST, AND A PACKET OF HERBS TIED INTO THE EDGE OF THE COARSE WOOLLEN SHROUD: THE BODY OF A NATIVE OF LOU-LAN IN A WOODEN COFFIN, AS BURIED OUTSIDE A FORTIFIED POST IN THE LOP DESERT, IN THE SECOND—THIRD CENTURIES A.D.

Photograph by Courtesy of the High Commissioner for India and Sir Aurel Stein.



DECORATED WITH FEATHERS AND MONGOOSE-TAIL: A FELT CAP FROM THE HEAD OF A DEAD NATIVE OF LOU-LAN. (LOP DESERT; SECOND—THIRD CENTURIES A.D.)

Photograph by Courtesy of the High Commissioner for India and Sir Aurel Stein.

as proved by Chinese inscriptions on bricks, mainly from the seventh century A.D.

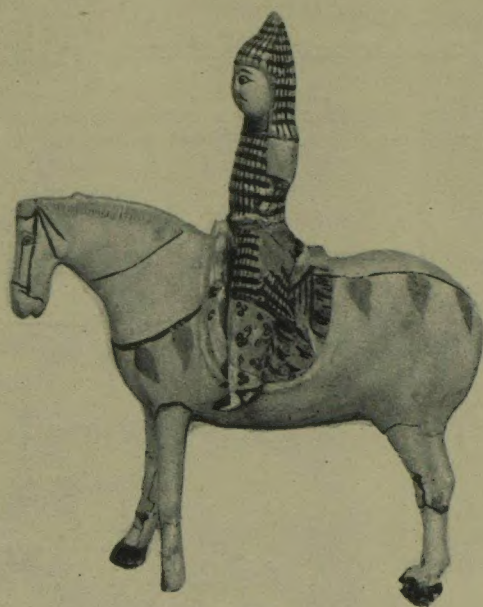
The sepulchral deposits comprise numerous stucco figurines of men and women, horses and other animals (page 249), models of household furniture, clothing, etc., all meant to symbolise provision made in true Chinese fashion for the future life of the departed. Stucco figures of monsters (page 249) represent guardian demons (*t'u-kuei*). Of food offerings deposited with the dead the variety of carefully made and remarkably well-preserved pastry deserves special mention. Among these we find tartlets with fruit or jam, buns, cracknels, "twists," etc. (page 250). Among objects of actual personal use buried with the dead, toilet baskets containing combs, mirrors, cosmetics, etc., of ladies may be mentioned (page 251).

The spring of 1915 was occupied by surveys in the barren hill region of the "Dry Mountains" and supplementary explorations in the Lop Desert. A journey of close on 900 miles, utilised also for archaeological work at sites around the oasis of Kucha, brought the expedition back to Kashgar by June 1915. Thence the long and difficult transport of the antiquities across the high passes of the K'un-lun and Karakoram (18,300 feet above sea) to Kashmir was safely accomplished under the Indian surveyors' supervision. Sir Aurel Stein himself subsequently visited extensive portions of the Russian Pamirs and the adjacent high valleys of the Oxus. There he studied the historical geography of a region through which led at least two of the main routes once serving the interchange of the ancient civilisations of China. He subsequently proceeded, via Samarkand and Bukhara, to north-eastern Persia, and, after travelling along the Perso-Afghan border, reached Sistan in December 1915.

During the rapid examination of the numerous ruined sites to be found there, remains of interesting wall-paintings were brought to light in the ruins of a large sanctuary of Sasanian times on the Koh-i-Khwaja hill. In the waterless desert south of the present cultivated area wind erosion has produced conditions exactly corresponding to those seen in the dried-up delta of Lou-lan. The erosion terraces rising above the bare plains were found to be thickly covered with prehistoric remains, consisting mainly of fragments of painted pottery. The association of these with stone implements of the Neolithic period is of particular interest, because exactly the same type of painted pottery has been brought to light in such widely separated regions as Mesopotamia, Transcaspia, and the north-west of China.

DEPOSITED WITH THE DEAD : PAINTED CLAY TOMB-FIGURES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA AND SIR AUREL STEIN. (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)



ONE OF THE PAINTED CLAY FIGURES FOUND BY SIR AUREL STEIN—MAINLY IN TOMBS OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY A.D.: A WARRIOR, IN DARK BLUE AND WHITE SCALE-ARMOUR AND WEARING LEOPARD-SKIN LEGGINGS, RIDING A WHITE HORSE.



THE HEAD OF A TOMB-PROTECTING DEMON, WITH BRILLIANTLY PAINTED GROTESQUE FEATURES—MOUNTED ON A STRAW CORE.



A SADDLED HORSE, PAINTED MAROON WITH LIGHT PATCHES, PINK MUZZLE, AND WHITE FETLOCKS, AND HAVING A DARK ORANGE SADDLE PLACED OVER A NUMNAH ELABORATELY DECORATED. (2 FEET HIGH.)



A NATIVE ATTENDANT (NON-CHINESE) IN A MAROON COAT, AND WITH BLACK FUR CAP AND BLACK TOP BOOTS.



A MAN, WITH A SALLOW, HUMOROUS FACE—HIS BODY ON A WOODEN CORE THAT WAS ONCE CLOTHED.



A LADY ATTENDANT, WITH FLUSHED, PALE-PINK FACE AND VERMILION MARKS ON FOREHEAD AND TEMPLES.



A LADY ASTRIDE A DAPPLED MAROON HORSE AND WEARING GREEN TROUSERS, A DARK BLUE BODICE WITH LONG ORANGE UNDER-SLEEVES, AND BLACK STEEPLE-CROWNED HAT.



A STUCCO HEAD OF BUDDHA (OR BODHISATTVA) FROM A RUINED SHRINE AT MIRAN, LOP DESERT (FOURTH—FIFTH CENTURIES A.D.).



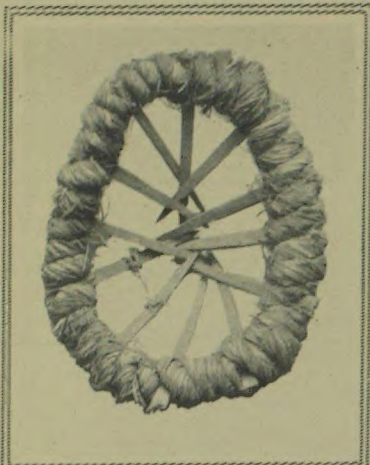
A TOMB-PROTECTING MONSTER OF COMPOSITE TYPE; WITH A DRAGON'S HEAD, WINGED BODY OF LION TYPE, CLOVEN FEET, AND STIFF "BRUSH"; IN VARIEGATED COLOURS OVER BRILLIANT ORANGE.

The painted clay figures here reproduced were dug out by Sir Aurel Stein, mainly from tombs of the seventh century A.D., at Astana, Turfan. They represent attendants, horses and other animals, a monster serving as a guardian demon, etc., deposited with the dead. There were also models of household furniture,

clothing, and the like. The whole were meant to symbolise provision made, in true Chinese fashion, for the future life of the departed. The burials were proved by Chinese inscriptions on bricks to belong mainly to the seventh century A.D. The bodies were tightly wrapped in pieces of old garments, mainly of silk.

7TH CENTURY PASTRY AND A 3RD CENTURY MOUSETRAP: STEIN "FINDS."

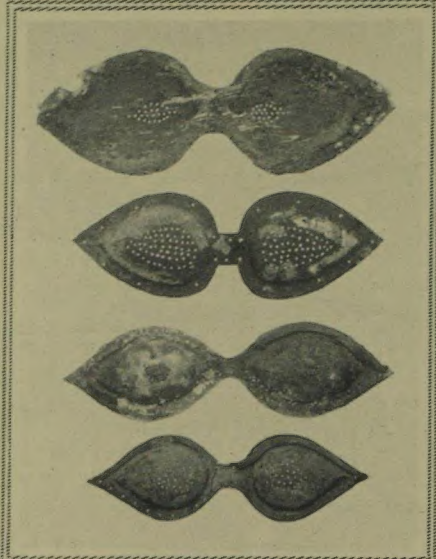
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA AND SIR AUREL STEIN. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 248.)



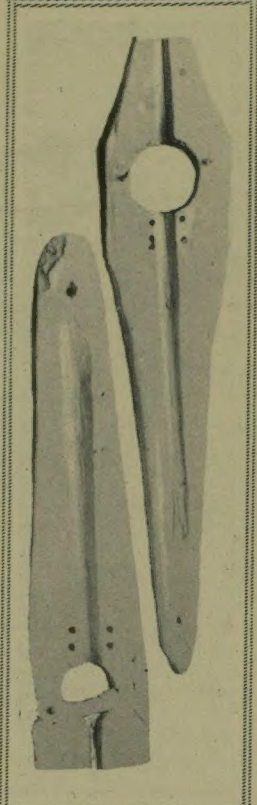
A SNARE FOR CATCHING SMALL GAME—WOODEN SPIKES AND ROPE OF REED STRAW. (FROM A WATCH-STATION OF TUN-HUANG LIMES.—1ST CENT. B.C.—2ND. A.D.)



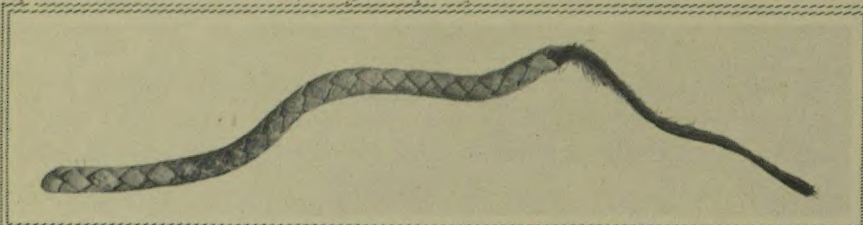
FACSIMILE SIZE: GOLD IMITATIONS OF BYZANTINE GOLD SOLIDI (6TH CENT. A.D.) FOUND IN MOUTHS OF THE DEAD, IN 7TH CENT. TOMBS AT ASTANA (ABOVE).—TWO SILVER COINS (SASANIAN DYNASTY, 6TH CENT. A.D.) PLACED OVER THE EYES OF THE DEAD (BELOW).



SILVER "SPECTACLES" FOUND PLACED OVER THE EYES OF DEAD, IN TOMBS OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY A.D., AT ASTANA, TURFAN.

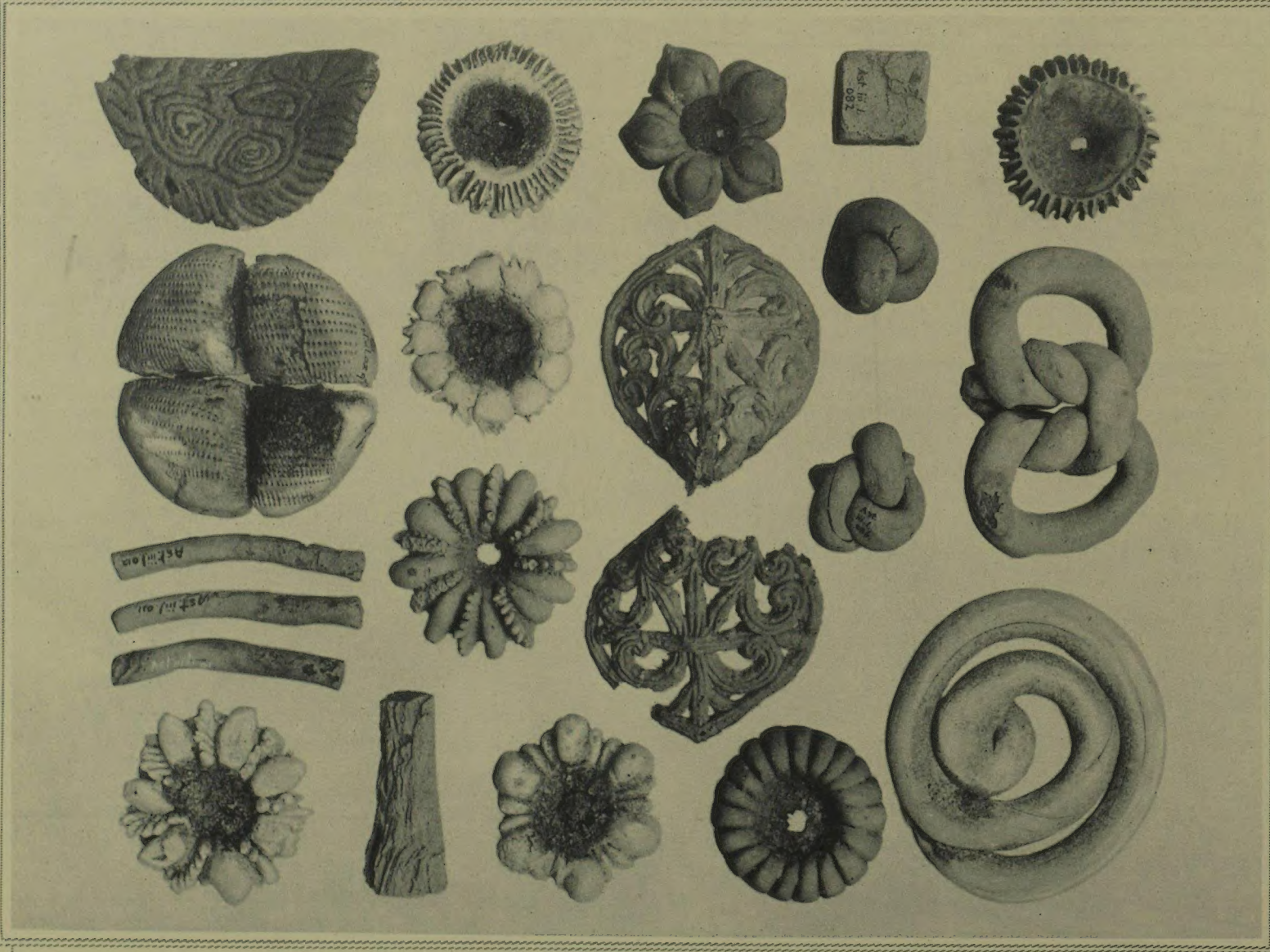


A WOODEN MEASURE FROM ONE OF THE ASTANA TOMBS (SEVENTH—EIGHTH CENTURIES).



THE LASH OF A WHIP, MADE OF THONGS OF WHITE LEATHER. FROM A GRAVE-PIT AT LOU-LAN, LOP DESERT (FIRST CENT. B.C.—SECOND CENT. A.D.)

MOUSE-TRAPS; FROM THE NIYA SITE, TAKLAMAKAN DESERT — 3RD CENT. A.D. (SEE BELOW.)



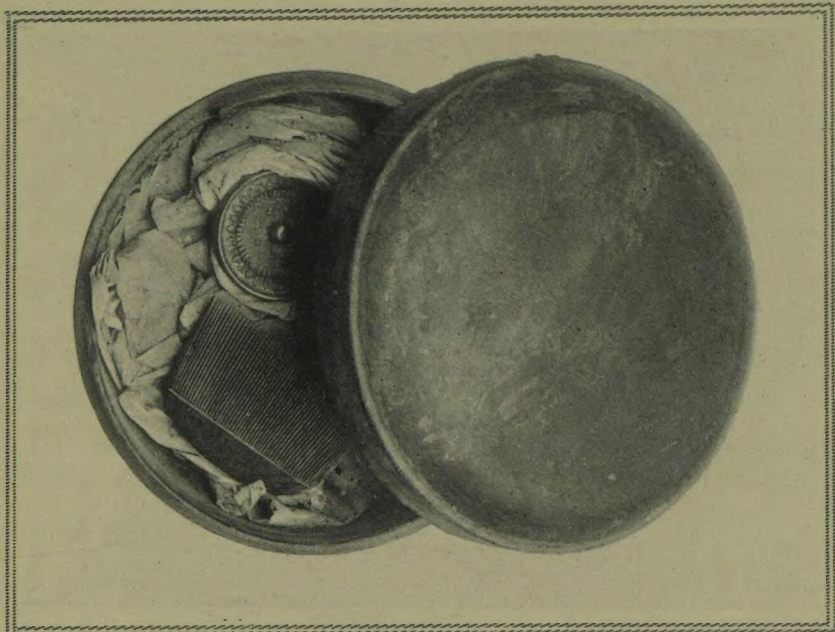
"MIXED BISCUITS" AND "PÂTISSERIE" OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY A.D.—TARTLETS WITH FRUIT OR JAM, BUNS, CRACKNELS, TWISTS—DEPOSITED WITH THE DEAD IN TOMBS AT ASTANA, TURFAN, AND REMARKABLY PRESERVED.

The food offerings deposited with the dead showed great variety, and the carefully made pastry was remarkably well preserved, thanks to the extreme aridity of the climate.—The mouse-traps consist of a flat spearhead-shaped piece of wood, pierced with a large hole which is 1½ in. in diameter. A V-shaped channel traverses almost the whole length. The trap on the left has near

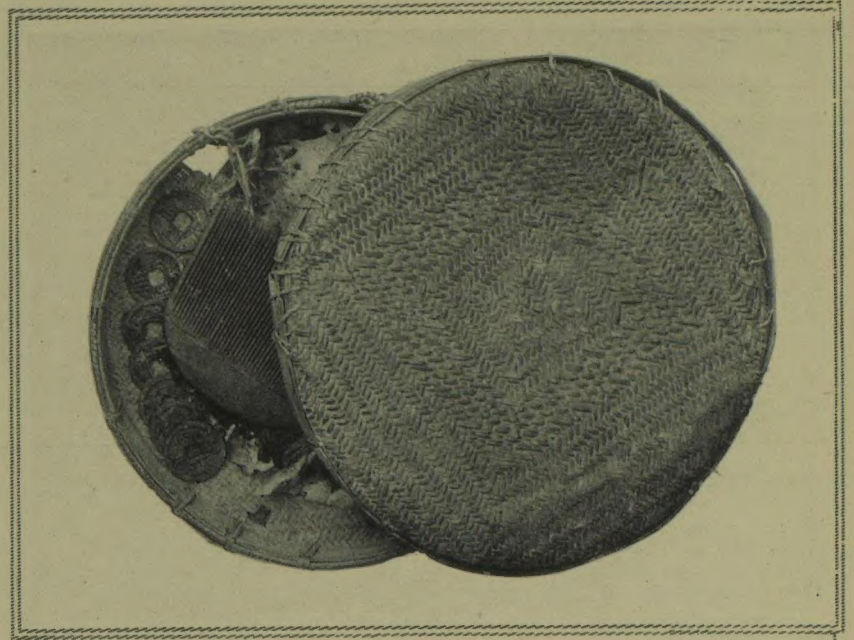
the large hole eight small holes; in one of these is fixed a wooden peg securing a small flat "gate" of thin wood. One edge of the gate is worn or gnawed. The method of working is not clear.—The snare served for a method of trapping game which is still practised by natives in parts of Central Africa.

A 3RD CENT. ENVELOPE AND OTHER BURIED RELICS: STEIN "FINDS."

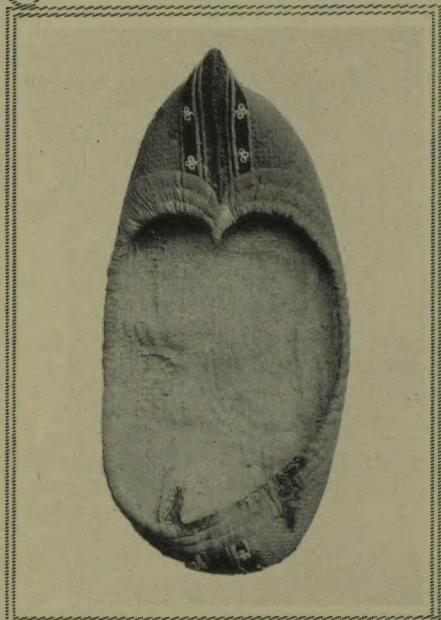
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA AND SIR AUREL STEIN. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 248.)



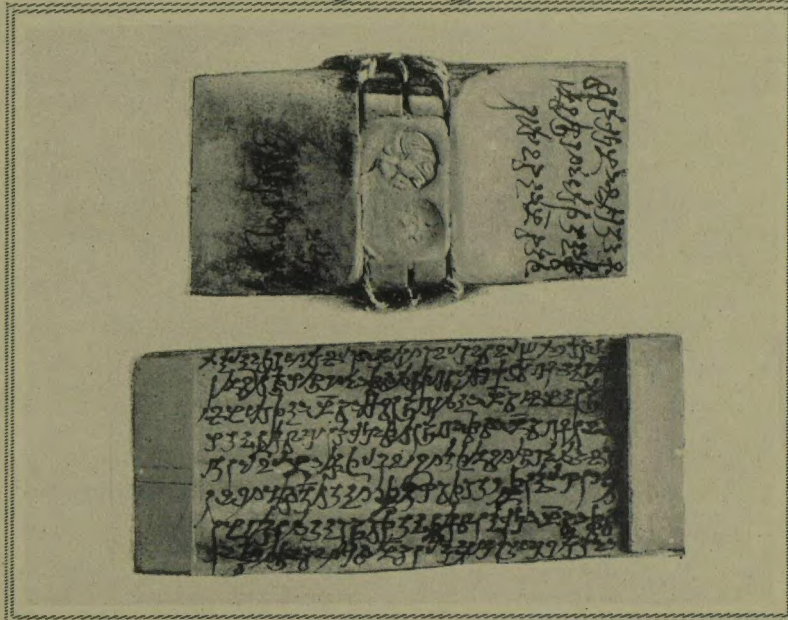
A LACQUERED TOILET-BOX CONTAINING A METAL MIRROR, A WOODEN COMB, COSMETICS, ETC.; FROM THE COFFIN OF THE WIFE OF FAN-YEN SHIH, A KAO-CH'ANG OFFICIAL.



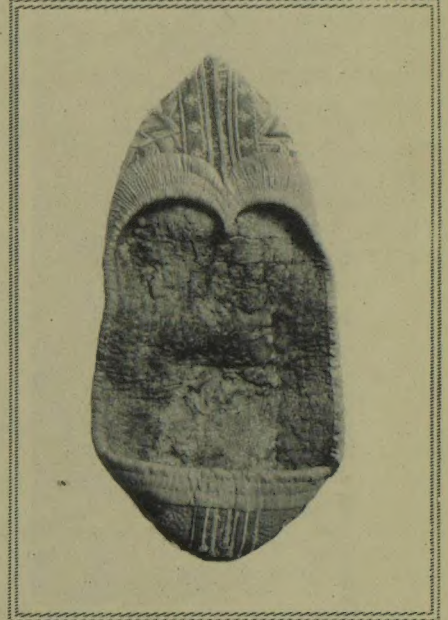
A CANE BASKET CONTAINING A SANDAL-WOOD COMB, SILK NAPKINS, AND CHINESE COPPER COINS; FROM THE COFFIN OF FAN-YEN SHIH, BURIED IN THE ASTANA CEMETERY IN 689 A.D.



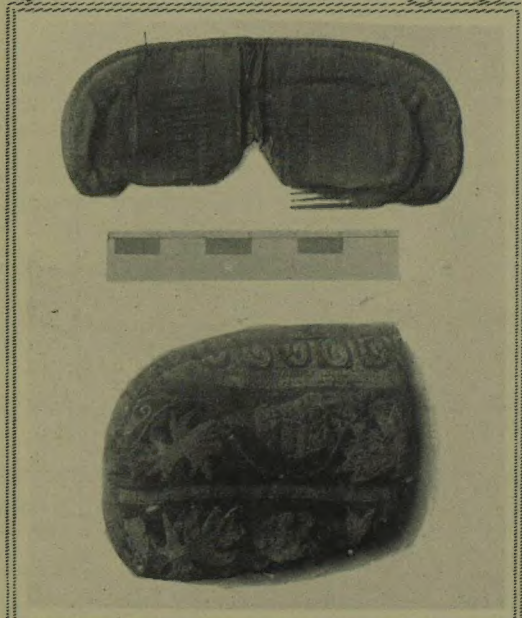
A LADY'S EMBROIDERED SLIPPER FROM A CACHE AT A RUINED SEPULCHRAL SHRINE, KARA-KHOJA, TURFAN. (SUNG PERIOD.)



A DOCUMENT ON A WOODEN TABLET, WITH (ABOVE IT) THE "ENVELOPE" THAT WAS FASTENED OVER IT. (IN INDIAN LANGUAGE AND KHAROSHTHI SCRIPT. THIRD CENT. A.D. FROM A DWELLING OF THE NIYA SITE, TAKLAMAKAN DESERT.)



A LADY'S EMBROIDERED SLIPPER FROM A CACHE AT A RUINED SEPULCHRAL SHRINE, KARA-KHOJA, TURFAN. (SUNG PERIOD.)



A COMB-CASE OF CRIMSON WOOLLEN REP, EMBROIDERED WITH SILK, FROM A GRAVE-PIT AT LOU-LAN, LOP DESERT.—OPEN, ABOVE; CLOSED, BELOW. (FIRST CENT. B.C.—SECOND CENT. A.D.)



A TAPESTRY SHOE FROM A CHINESE BURIAL-PLACE AT LOU-LAN, LOP DESERT (2ND—3RD CENTURIES. A.D.)



THE BACK OF A METAL MIRROR, FROM A CACHE AT A SEPULCHRAL SHRINE, KARA-KHOJA, TURFAN. (SUNG PERIOD.)



A CLAY MOULD FOR CASTING BUDDHA RELIEFS; FROM A SHRINE OF THE RUINED TOWN, KHARA-KHOTO, SOUTHERN MONGOLIA. (TWELFTH—THIRTEENTH CENTURIES. A.D.)

The exhibition arranged at the British Museum is to last for several months. It shows a selection from the remarkably interesting archaeological objects brought back by Sir Aurel Stein from his very fruitful third Central-Asian expedition,

which led him, during the years 1913-16, over great portions of Eastern Turkestan and Westernmost China, and, towards its end, was extended across the Pamir region to North-Eastern Persia.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS—BY WALTER TITTLE. MARY BORDEN.

MY taxi trundled, as London cabs invariably do, with no unseemly haste past the Cenotaph, Westminster Hall, and the lovely Henry VII. Chapel at the back of the Abbey, under the stately Victoria Tower, that looks down upon Rodin's powerful presentation of the "Bourgeois de Calais," into Abingdon Street. A glance to the right revealed Smith Square, with its interesting four-towered church, the design for which, tradition states, was the accident of a choleric Queen's overturned foot-stool. A turn to the right beyond brought us into Little College Street, and after my conveyance had described a course resembling the letter S, we stopped in front of a square house of brick. As I rang, the deep, sustained, organ-like voice of Big Ben proclaimed the hour, giving a final audible touch to the abundant visual charm of this most-favoured neighbourhood.

Entering, the charm was exquisitely maintained on the smaller and more intimate scale of a domestic interior. A lovely Venetian mirror faced me as I deposited my overcoat and stick upon an old cassone, my eye being delighted further by an excellent, apparently contemporary, replica of the head of that plastic biography, Houdon's Voltaire. This crystallisation of the psychology of the great Frenchman, reposing on its harmonious plinth, marked the beginning of a remarkable and beautiful stairway of white marble, the broad and low steps of which ascended in a semi-circle with no visible support; a testimony at once to the sense of beauty and structural ingenuity of Sir Edwin Lutyens, the architect. At the top, the eye was again delighted with an old Italian marble in low relief. Each detail seemed to dictate the presence of the others.

A servant informed me that Mary Borden, the mistress of this lovely domicile, would join me in a short time, and I was glad of the interval to examine additional treasures in the handsome and beautifully proportioned drawing-room and the library adjoining. An excited glance was sufficient to reveal to me an excellent example of that rare and exquisite Flemish master, Patinir, and with eagerness I revelled in its beauties. Lely and Wouvermans were represented, and the aristocratic art of China by two splendid horsemen in terracotta; while the austere dignity of Egypt proclaimed itself in a cast of a female head. Nor was modern art neglected by the discriminating and inclusive tastes of the fortunate possessors of this lovely house. Two well-chosen examples of Epstein were in evidence, and an oil portrait by Glyn Philpot proved to be that of my hostess as she entered the room.

Slender and of medium height, her brown hair did not interfere with an impression of blondness that she gave. Her eyes were unusually large, and the considerable area that they occupied in her decidedly pretty face, gave to her a child-like air. She seemed almost too immature to have produced the able novels that bear her name, and further surprise of a similar kind was provided by the appearance, at separate intervals, of her four lovely children. They were decidedly English in appearance and utterance, while their mother retained to a considerable degree the accent of the land of our common birth, America.

Choosing a comfortable location before the open fire, the task of delineation began. My sitter told



WALTER TITTLE'S PORTRAIT OF THE GIFTED AMERICAN WRITER, THE AUTHOR OF "JANE, OUR STRANGER": MARY BORDEN (MRS. E. L. SPEARS).

me of a recent visit to her native land, where, after a long absence, the rapid changes in the cities impressed her. A considerable sojourn in Maine afforded especial delights, as well as an opportunity for uninterrupted work.

"Surely, though, your present surroundings should be ideal for that," I said. "I envy you this lovely place, not only for its beauty, but for the quietness that seems to pervade it."

"Its quietness is deceptive," she laughed. "It is easy to know too many people in London, and nothing can be more fatal for the achievement of work. I had a house at Fontainebleau at one time that was an admirable retreat, but I disposed of it. I will go to France again in a few days, however, for a short period of uninterrupted endeavour." The telephone rang, and, after trying to depute a maid to answer it, she was forced to go herself to satisfy the insistence of an intimate friend. This experience was repeated several times, and I could see that the barriers to mental repose of which she spoke had very definite existence.

"Some writers can do their work under almost any conditions," she said; "I cannot. My method is a laborious one. When I get started on a story my mind runs riot, and I rush ahead with great rapidity, which necessitates, later, endless re-writing,

elimination, and polishing. A great labour I find it, to bring order out of this inevitable chaos. Some people have more orderly methods, but for me this is the unavoidable procedure, and I need surroundings that afford a minimum of distraction."

In the setting down of their mental product, writers must work out their own salvation. No two of them can proceed in exactly the same way. I remember hearing a young literary aspirant questioning Mr. Conrad in minute detail about the various steps that he pursued in the production of his novels, and, after many patient answers to the interrogations, the great novelist pointed out to him the futility of trying to adopt the method of another. The young man seemed to think that careful adherence to the same path would lead to the same or a similar goal. Of the many writers who have described to me their methods, no two have ever been identical, and frequently the easiest and most flowing final result has come only after the most arduous toil.

My envy of the beautiful and apparently quiet surroundings of my present sitter, when expressed to her, led to the usual revelation that our possessions are invariably taken for granted and hurdled by new desires. After some restless years of constantly changing scene, I coveted the fixity of a haven like hers, only to have from her an account of similar yearnings for opulent additions to her fortunate state.

"I cannot sympathise with you," I laughed. "You seem so outrageously rich already in comforts, and family, and success in your work. What more can you ask?" And we laughed together at the undying and inevitable demands of human nature generally for the things that fortune denies. Perhaps this same "crying for the moon" is one of our necessary spurs.

In signing her literary work, the author of "Jane, Our Stranger," uses her maiden name. In private life she is the wife of Brigadier-General E. L. Spears. Her husband appeared from an adjoining room as my sketch neared completion, followed by their small son, who was greatly interested and excited over reparations of a radio outfit with which the General had been occupied. Before my departure I was shown more of the treasures that the house contained, including some portrait drawings by Drian and a beautiful sketch by Augustus John.

A few days later I had the pleasure of returning to their house in response to a dinner invitation. An interesting company was assembled, and the conversation ran a broad gamut that included nearly everything from horses and hunting, through pictures, literature, and the collecting of first editions to social subjects, and even the inevitable law-court cases that have usurped a disproportionate share of printer's ink and paper-pulp. A most interesting and pleasant occasion it proved to be, yielding, among other pleasures, a view of another lovely apartment, the dining-room, with its beautiful furniture and Chinese paintings. A long chat about my own particular kind of "shop" with the creator of the oil portrait of our hostess previously mentioned, was a further pleasure, and I left this house, upon the Lares and Penates of which I have laid considerable stress, delighted by the explorations of, and contact with, the mentalities that assembled there.

NOW IN LONDON: A FINE VERMEER FROM FRANCE.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. KNOEDLER.



POSSIBLY A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE; BUT ONCE DESCRIBED AS "A YOUNG MAN": A VERMEER THAT BRINGS THE ARTIST'S KNOWN WORKS UP TO ABOUT FORTY.

This beautiful work by Jan Vermeer, of Delft (1632-1675), is on a panel measuring some $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 9 in., and may be a portrait of the artist's wife. The monogram "I.M." is on the tapestry background, to the left of the centre at the top. For about a hundred years it was known in a French collection, for it was catalogued in the Lafontaine sale at the Hôtel de

Bouillon, in Paris, on December 19, 1822. William Bürger described it in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" in 1866, but, by an easily understandable mistake, spoke of the sitter as "a young man." It is now in the possession of Messrs. Knoedler at 15, Old Bond Street. The existing works of Vermeer are thus brought up to about forty.

FLYING GLUTTONY AND THE FLIGHTLESS "CAPE

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY NEVILLE



WITH BEAK OPEN, READY TO SEIZE THE FISH JUST SEEN ON THE LEFT
A BLACK-FOOTED PENGUIN (*SPHENISCUS DEMERSUS*).



A SNATCHED MEAL: A BLACK-FOOTED PENGUIN TAKING A FISH FROM
THE BOTTOM OF A TANK AT THE LONDON "ZOO."



A SMALL WHITING FALLS A VICTIM TO A SWIFT-SWIMMING BIRD: A BLACK-
FOOTED CAPE PENGUIN CATCHING A FISH.



SO SPEEDY THAT MANY BUBBLES HAVE NOT REACHED THE SURFACE, ALTHOUGH
THE BIRDS HAVE SWUM SOME DISTANCE: BLACK-FOOTED PENGUINS.



THE BIRD TAKES A QUICK TURN UNDER WATER: A BLACK-FOOTED PENGUIN
ON THE MOVE.



A STRAIGHT DIVE BY THE MILTONIC "SATAN": A CORMORANT MAKES
A SPEEDY CAPTURE.

These snapshots of the Common Cormorant (*Phalacrocorax carbo*) and the Black-footed, or Cape, Penguin (*Spheniscus demersus*) are not only interesting in that they show the birds swimming, diving, and fishing for their food, but in that they represent a very high point in photography: it is easy to imagine with what speed the camera had to work to secure such pictures of life in the dimly lighted water. Note should be made of the bubbles, for they indicate the swift movements of the birds when below the surface. This is particularly the case with the sixth photograph, which shows that many bubbles had not had time to reach the surface, although the birds had swum some distance. The Cormorant is a voracious fish-eater, and, for that reason, has

JACKASS": CORMORANTS AND PENGUINS UNDER WATER.

KINGSTON, AT THE "ZOO."



WITH BUBBLES INDICATING THE GREAT UNDER-WATER SPEED DEVELOPED
BY THE BIRD: A CORMORANT TAKING A FISH.



BUBBLES BENEATH THE BEAK AND LEAVING THE TAIL IN A CLUSTER:
A CORMORANT SEEKING A ROACH FOR DINNER.



CAPTURING A FISH AT THE BOTTOM OF A "ZOO" TANK: A COMMON
CORMORANT—MOST VORACIOUS OF BIRDS—IN ACTION.



SHOWING HOW THE FEET ARE BROUGHT FORWARD, TO ACT AS A BRAKE
AND ARREST PROGRESS: A PENGUIN WITH ITS CATCH.



AN ENEMY OF FISHERMEN DIVING: A COMMON CORMORANT, A VORACIOUS
FEEDER ON FISH AND, CONSEQUENTLY, A SYMBOL OF GLUTTONY.



A PHOTOGRAPH TO SHOW FOOT-WORK: A CORMORANT CATCHING A SMALL
(AND UNLUCKY) ROACH IN MID-WATER.

become a symbol of gluttony. As most are aware, it is sometimes made to fish for masters, and in that case a ring, or a string, constricts the bird's neck, so that the fish cannot be swallowed. The Common Cormorant illustrated belongs to Europe and to America. It is a great destroyer of smaller sea-life, and, consequently, is by no means a favourite with fishermen, who probably agree that it is a "very fiend," well excusing Milton's simile of Satan "sitting like a cormorant" on the Tree of Life, "devising death to them who lived." The Black-footed Penguin shown belongs to that class known as "Jackass Penguins," from their "braying." It is found off the Cape of Good Hope. The Penguin, it need scarcely be recalled, is flightless.

UNDER HENRY VIII.: HAMPTON COURT TILT YARD; NOW TENNIS-COURTS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



WHERE THE ONLY SURVIVING TOWER HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A TEA-HOUSE, AND HARD TENNIS-COURTS HAVE BEEN LAID DOWN: JOUSTING IN THE TILT YARD AT HAMPTON COURT IN THE DAYS OF HENRY VIII., HIMSELF "A STAR OF TOURNAMENT."

The old Tilt Yard at Hampton Court, where Henry VIII. held splendid tourneys, was converted by William III. into a kitchen garden, and, after George III. abandoned the palace as a royal residence, was leased by the Office of Works to market-gardeners. Early in the present year, the Tilt Yard was laid out in six hard tennis-courts which were recently opened for play. "Nobody would be more pleased [to quote an article in the "Times" by Mr. Ernest Law] could he hear of this than bluff old King Hal, for he was a good sportsman, devoted to every

sort of athletic exercise, very fond of games, and a great adept in them. He had two 'close' or covered-in bowling-alleys, fragments of both of which still remain, as well as open bowling-alleys—probably greens—and so there are ultimately to be bowling greens in his transformed Tilt Yard. As to tennis, Henry was the first man to lay down hard courts in Europe, 'open tenys playes,' as they were called, their surface doubtless tiled like his 'closed tennis play.' . . . Henry doubtless played some sets in his open tennis courts, as well as in his still existing

[Continued opposite.]

UNDER GEORGE V.: LAWN-TENNIS IN HAMPTON COURT TILT YARD.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



WHERE HENRY VIII., "THE FIRST MAN TO LAY DOWN HARD TENNIS-COURTS IN EUROPE," USED TO JOUST: THE TILT YARD AT HAMPTON COURT, RECENTLY OPENED AS A TEA-GARDEN, WITH HARD COURTS FOR THE MODERN LAWN-TENNIS.

Continued.
covered court, the oldest in Europe. . . . If the ghost of Henry VIII. haunts his palace, as those of some of his wives are reputed to do, one can imagine him, racket in hand, in his blue velvet tennis coat . . . hovering round the players. What he would say to the putting greens that are being prepared one does not quite know. He may have heard of golf from his sister, Queen Margaret. . . . In his time there were five large towers in the northern part of the Tilt Yard. . . . Four of them, however, were pulled down by William III., though one was

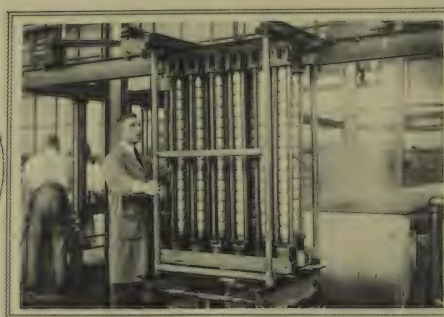
left standing, and is now being converted into a refreshment house, where tea will be served to those who make use of the courts and greens. These Towers were doubtless used as banqueting houses, and by the ladies of the Court for looking on when the lists, superbly decorated, were set out for jousts and tournaments; the knights, with their esquires and pages and their horses, all gorgeously arrayed. . . . The jousts usually lasted several hours. Henry was an admirable horseman."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

GAS-FILLED LAWN-TENNIS BALLS: FROM GUTTA-PERCHA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, BY COURTESY



AFTER THE GUTTA-PERCHA MIXTURE HAS BEEN CALENDERED INTO SHEET FORM: PUNCHING OUT THE DISCS WHICH ARE MOULDED INTO HEMISPHERICAL "SHELLS."



MOULDING THE GUTTA-PERCHA DISCS INTO HEMISPHERICAL "SHELLS"—ONE WITH A RIDGE WHICH ALLOWS THE OTHERS TO FIT WITHIN IT: A LOADED "CRADLE."



AFTER THE GAS-FORMING CHEMICALS HAVE BEEN INSERTED AND THE PAIRS OF SHELLS HAVE BEEN JOINED: COVERING THE BALL WITH PIGMENTED INDIA-RUBBER "DOUGH."



AFTER THE "DOUGHING": CLAMPING FOR VULCANISATION—WHICH (INCIDENTALLY) GENERATES GAS.



AFTER THE SOLUTIONING: FELTING THE BALLS—WITH STRAIGHT-SIDED FELT PIECES, SO THAT THEY ARE WITHOUT "WAISTS."



NEARING THE END OF THE COMPLICATED PROCESSES: STITCHING THE FELT COVERING ON TO THE FINISHED, GAS-FILLED BALLS.

SHEET TO SPHERE; THE BUFFING, FELTING, AND TESTING.

OF MESSRS. THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO.



BEFORE BEING FITTED TOGETHER TO CONTAIN THE GAS-FORMING CHEMICALS, WHICH ARE INSERTED BEFORE THE HEMISPHERES ARE JOINED: MOULDED GUTTA-PERCHA SHELLS.



GETTING THE HEMISPHERICAL SHELLS READY FOR JOINING TOGETHER, AND PREPARATORY TO THE INSERTION OF THE GAS-FORMING CHEMICALS: ADDING WATER AND JOINING.



PROVIDING ANCHORAGE FOR THE SOLUTION WHICH HAS TO HOLD THE FELT TO THE BALL: BUFFING.



AFTER THE SURFACE OF THE BALL HAS BEEN BUFFED SO THAT IT WILL HOLD THE SOLUTION SECURING THE FELT COVERING: SOLUTIONING.



FINAL TESTS: GAUGING FINISHED BALLS TO SEE WHETHER OR NO THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY TRUE AS TO SHAPE AND SIZE.



FINAL TESTS: WEIGHING FINISHED BALLS TO ENSURE THAT EACH IS PERFECT AND READY FOR USE ON THE COURTS.

The making of the new Dunlop gas-filled lawn-tennis ball is of unusual interest, for the construction is unlike that of any other ball, inasmuch as the "gas" (or air) pressure is contained within a hollow sphere composed of a material of which gutta-percha is one of the important ingredients. The method of manufacture is as follows. The gutta-percha mixture is prepared in much the same way as are all rubber mixings—by grinding between heavy steel rollers—and it is afterwards calendered into sheet form. From the sheet, which is 3-16-in. thick, discs are punched out, and these are moulded into hemispherical cups, one shaped with a ridge and thus allowing the other to fit within it to admit of secure sealing at the joint. Before a pair of shells are joined together, the gas-forming chemicals are inserted. Afterwards the hollow gutta-percha sphere is covered with pigmented india-rubber "dough" and is ready for vulcanising. This vulcanisation of rubber is always an interesting phenomenon, for, under the influence of heat, the chemical action occurs between the sulphur

ingredient and the rubber, causing a very distinct change in the physical properties of the rubber itself. With the vulcanisation of the Dunlop tennis-ball there is a double interest, for during this action the inflation gas is generated from the chemicals. The rubber-covered hollow gutta-percha sphere is of crude shape, and distinctly shows ridges when it is placed in the mould. A number of moulds are clamped together, and many hundreds of these moulds are run into a large pan, where they are heated for one hour at a high temperature, which eventually reaches 300 deg. F. After leaving the pan, the moulds are all thrown into ice-cold water, and when they are thoroughly cold they are opened up and the balls are released. Then the ball simply requires buffing treatment on the surface, to provide anchorage for the solution which is to bind the felt securely to the ball. On the Dunlop ball, the felt pieces are somewhat different in shape from those usually employed. Upon examining the Dunlop ball, you will find its felt pieces are straight-sided—they have no "waist."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AT holiday time, when the eternal problem—where to go—once more confronts the expectant wanderer, there is a special allurements in a certain branch of literature that has grown enormously of late years—I mean pictorial topography. Hardly a corner of the earth remains without its illustrated travel book; and, though one cannot go everywhere in three weeks, there are few lands and seas, from China to Peru, that one cannot visit by proxy. My own view of holidays is that it does not much matter where you go, as long as you go somewhere away from the scene of your labours, and seek variety in a different direction every time. A Londoner, for instance, would very likely enjoy himself just as much by putting on his hat and walking out into the country, following the luck of the road (or, preferably, the footpath), as by taking a ticket for some distant destination. Not that I always practise what I preach, being, in fact, about to sling my pack in Brittany; but I should probably be just as happy if I made for Barking—as long as I didn't stay there! The enjoyment of a holiday depends on the frame of mind the holiday-maker takes with him. *Calum, non animum, mutant.*

It is just the same with books. Places near home considered tame and dull may be made more interesting than the remotest regions of romance. It all depends on the writer or the artist. One will bore you with commonplaces of the Alps or the Himalayas; another will entrance you with the mysteries of Primrose Hill. I have alluded to Barking not in contempt of that historic spot, near which I once resided, but because it is typical of the flat fringe bordering the East End and generally regarded as the least attractive part of London's environs. And here we come to an example of the principle just stated—that is, the importance of treatment rather than locality. It takes the form of a delightful book of the kind above mentioned, entitled "UNKNOWN ESSEX," by Donald Maxwell. Being a Series of Unmethodical Explorations of the County, illustrated in Line and Colour by the Author (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 15s. net.)

"Essex," says Mr. Maxwell, "has been to tourists the Cinderella of the Home Counties. But Cinderella came into her own when the glass slipper was left behind... and, without wishing to refer to any of our counties as ugly sisters, I beg to report that the shoe fits. If it is impossible to find places where man has never trodden, it is quite easy to roam in regions where tourists have never been, and some account of Cinderella's charms is herein recorded." Besides his many colour-plates, and still more numerous pencil sketches, the charm of Mr. Maxwell's book lies in the easy, whimsical style of his word-pictures. He has the rare faculty of blending the romance of the past with the humours of the present, and allusions to historical events with personal happenings. The sense of comedy is never absent, even when he is describing the gruesome fate of a witch-hunter, whom poetic justice subjected to the same ordeal as his victims.

There is a touch of the unexpected in one of his chapter headings—"In the Mountains of Essex"—and the title is justified thus: "'Which are the nearest mountains to London?' I asked one day, thinking rather vaguely of the Peak or the steep escarpments of the South Downs. A cheery voice answered, 'Try Essex.'... He laughs best, however, who laughs last... and I think I can claim to have got the laugh on my side. It all depends on what we call a mountain.... In the country of the blind, the one-eyed is king. And so, upon the flat lands that border the tidal estuaries of Essex... I may be allowed the artistic license of calling these tumbled, sandy heights rising from the clay of the plains by the name of mountains." The "heights" in question are the Laindon Hills.

"To a Rochester man," says Mr. Maxwell, "Essex can be achieved by a bus ride to Gravesend and a ferry,

and that bus ride... takes us by Gads Hill and Dickens's house and the village of Chalk—and thence, whether we will or no, we are in the midst of 'Great Expectations.'" He points out that Dickens was "extraordinarily pictorial" in his descriptions of places, and thinks that, if he had become an artist, he would have been a landscape-painter rather than another Hogarth.

Some rivalry between Essex and Kent emerges concerning the matrimonial adventures of Henry VIII. Of Epping Mr. Maxwell writes: "It was the forest that heard the wooing of Anne Boleyn by the much-married monarch, and within its confines, too, it is said that he waited, with callous inconsistency, to hear the sound of the gun from the Tower of London that told him that her head had fallen under the axe and that he was now free to woo Jane Seymour." A footnote adds: "Richmond Park is also said to be the place where Henry waited for the sound of the fatal gun, and there can be no actual certainty on this point." In the foregoing extract I suggest two emendations—"sword" for "axe," and "wed" for "woo." I believe it is the fact that Anne was privileged to be beheaded with a sword, by the "special artist" from Calais; and I remember reading somewhere that he did it unexpectedly while she was standing up. Some say that Henry was betrothed to Jane next day; others that he had married

always played an important rôle in the lives of the common folk, that we must turn to glean some insight into their manners and habits of living." He is obliged to admit, however, that the material he sought was not so abundant as he had hoped.

Unlike Mr. Maxwell, who is primarily a sailor and landed from his strange bark, the *Penguin*, to explore the hinterland of Essex creeks on foot, Mr. Maynard is a motorist, and his mode of peregrination led naturally to his choice of subject. It is one on which a diligent collector of local lore could hardly fail to produce an interesting book, and he has certainly succeeded in that respect, although his writing rather lacks the individual note and the sense of joviality which the theme demands. Such humour as he does allow himself is drawn mainly from Dickens. He is particularly anxious, as authors of this class of work often are, that his volume should not be mistaken for a guide-book, but he has pursued a certain sequence of itinerary. Guide-books (it may be observed incidentally) are often quite well written, if seldom amusing, and do their best to guide one in the way one should go. On a holiday they are useful when discreetly disobeyed, and my only objection to them is that I rather dislike being guided.

In writing a travel-book the real danger is the impersonal guide-book manner of compiling information. What a topographical study needs, to lift it out of the matter-of-fact rut, is the play of personality, enlivened by fun and fancy, and touched, at need, with pathos and imagination. That is the secret which Mr. Maxwell possesses. Mr. Maynard has been too retiring, and has kept himself and his personal experiences out of the picture, except in his preface. Nevertheless, his book conveys pleasantly enough a great deal of curious local history. The illustrations consist partly of his own line drawings—neat, if somewhat flat—and partly of photographs. A preliminary chapter on inns in general is headed by the inevitable quotation from Shenstone.

We have already ascended, with Mr. Maxwell, the "mountains" of Essex. In "THE CAIRNGORM HILLS OF SCOTLAND," by Seton Gordon, B.A. (Oxon.), F.Z.S., with Twenty-eight Photographs taken by the Author and his Wife (Cassell; 15s. net), the reader is made free of a

range which better deserves the dignity of that term. The Cairngorms "stand on the county march between Inverness and Aberdeen, and some of them, as Beinn a' Bhuidir and Ben MacDhui, are partly in the shire of Banff." Although they do not include Scotland's highest hill, Ben Nevis, they have four not very much lower, and contain far the largest area in the country approaching, or exceeding, 4000 feet. The Cairngorms are sub-Arctic, and in certain parts, it is claimed, the snow is "eternal."

Mr. Seton Gordon describes with loving enthusiasm the joys of tramping in these lofty solitudes, the glorious views, the wild life of beasts and birds and plants, and the history and legends of the countryside. It needs, I think, some knowledge of the region to be able to appreciate its work fully, for the Gaelic names fall strangely on a Southern ear, and the landscape, as shown in the photographs, looks to a Southern eye somewhat bare and forbidding. But enthusiasm is infectious, and even the veriest Southron cannot but feel the invigorating freshness of the clean, strong mountain air that blows through these pages. On a sultry day in London the book is as cooling as an ice. It will fascinate not only the walker and the climber, but likewise the botanist and the zoologist. From a recollection of an illustrated article in this paper, I believe that the Cairngorms have of late attracted the skier, and may some day become a home "Switzerland" for winter sport.

C. E. B.



AT BISLEY: THE LATE LORD CHEYLESMORE, WHO DIED LAST WEEK AS A RESULT OF A MOTOR ACCIDENT WHILE DRIVING FROM THE MEETING.

To the regret of all who knew him, Lord Cheylesmore died last week as a result of injuries he received on July 18 in a motoring accident. He was returning from Bisley in a car driven by his son, the Hon. Herbert Eaton, when the car crashed into a telegraph pole in avoiding a cyclist. Lord Cheylesmore, who was born in 1848, was the third Baron. He served in the Grenadier Guards, and retired as Major-General. He was created K.C.M.G. in 1919. He became the Chairman of the National Rifle Association in 1902. In 1904 he was Mayor of Westminster, and he was Chairman of the L.C.C., 1912-13. He contested Coventry in 1887, the year in which his father became a Peer.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

her the day before. In either case, the wooing stage was already well in progress. Harrison Ainsworth, in "Windor Castle," makes him wait for the signal gun on Snow Hill, in Windsor Great Park.

That Henry courted Anne Boleyn in Epping Forest I have no ground for disputing; he was the kind of man to court any woman anywhere; but priority as the scene of that particular courtship seems to belong to Hever Castle. This brings me to the second book on my list, "THE OLD INNS OF KENT" by D. C. Maynard, with twenty-six illustrations (Philip Allan; 10s. 6d. net). "When viewing Hever," he writes, 'it is of Anne we think.... Here just over 400 years ago she passed her childhood.... Here 'King Hal' first met 'the wondrous flower in a garden fair' who so inflamed his amorous heart that for her he changed his wife, his Chancellor, and his religion."

This passage represents, incidentally, a divergence from the author's purpose, for he set out with the intention of avoiding the doings of royalty. "The common folk," he says, "have never received their due share of the limelight of history. A casual reading leaves the impression that history is made up of the lives of Kings, Queens, and nobles, illuminated by a deadly sequence of war, battle, revolution, and conquest.... It is to the inn, which has

CHILDHOOD IN ART : A REVERSION TO NORMAL.

FROM DRAWINGS BY MME. DAVIDS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE CHARM OF CHILDHOOD : EXQUISITE STUDIES BY MME. DAVIDS.

In an appreciation of Mme. Davids's beautiful studies of childhood, the well-known French writer, André Lichtenberger, points out that, unlike so many modern artists, she does not caricature her little sitters. "Can there be a more charming vision of the child? They have the eternal grace . . . they are pure, ingenuous, innocent, normal."

FAMILIAR AT COWES WORLD-FAMOUS YACHTS ANAGLYPHED.

These Anaglyphs will Appear in Stereoscopic Relief when Looked at through the Viewing-Mask Supplied Gratis (See Below.)



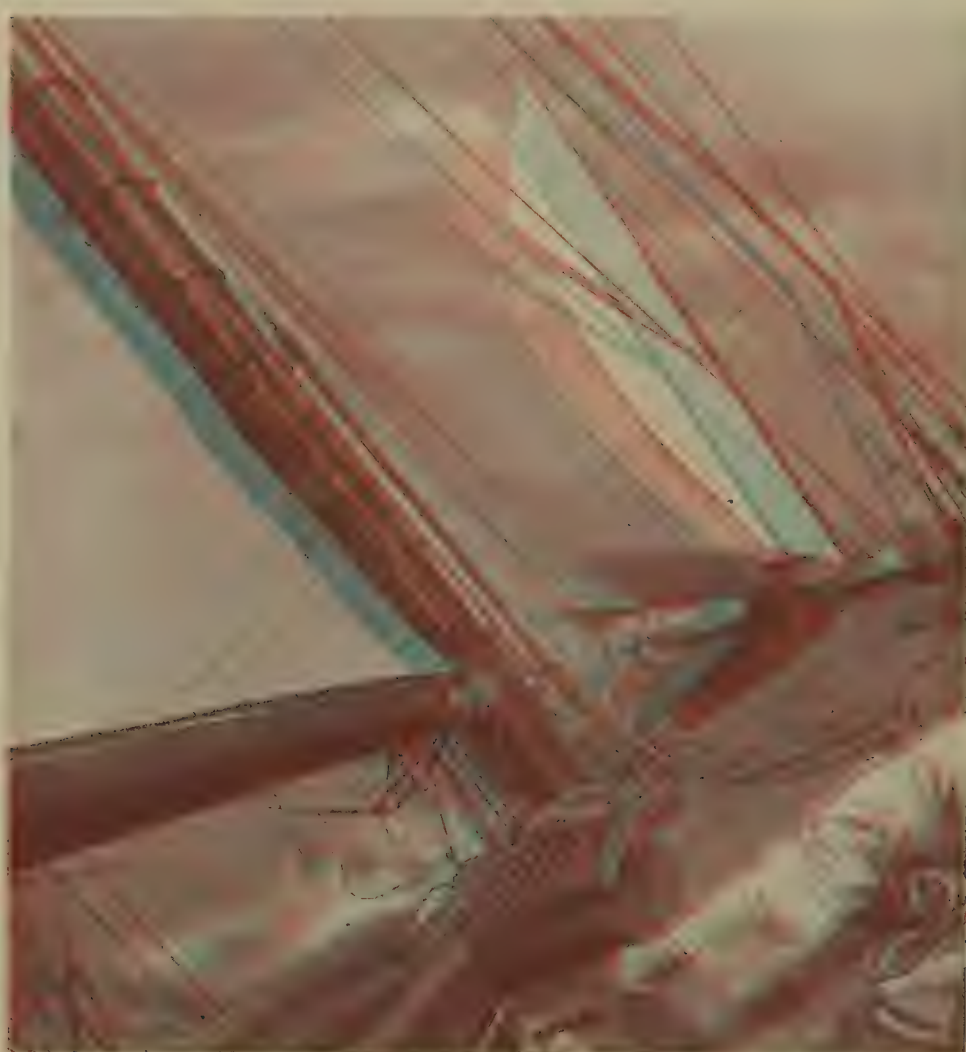
"WESTWARD" IN THE WAKE OF "WHITE HEATHER."



"LULWORTH" OVERHAULING "WHITE HEATHER."



"BRITANNIA" CHASING "WHITE HEATHER."



"WHITE HEATHER" CHASING "LULWORTH."

His Majesty's cutter "Britannia," Sir Thomas Lipton's cutter "Shamrock," Lord Waring's cutter "White Heather," Mr. H. Weld's cutter "Lulworth" (formerly "The Terpsichore"), and Mr. T. B. Davis's schooner "Westward" may be called "The Big Five of Cowes." They are, indeed, world-famous. As to the "Britannia," no other yacht afloat can boast a history comparable with hers.

From the time of her launch in 1893 until the beginning of this year's Cowes, she had won some 170 first prizes. (Readers who have not got an Anaglyph Viewing-Mask may obtain one by filling up the coupon on page 288, and sending it with stamps to the value of 1½d. (Inland) or 2½d. (Foreign) to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.)

AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G.

VITAL TO FRANCE'S EMPIRE AND PRESTIGE: THE MOROCCAN CAMPAIGN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., AND TOPICAL.



FRENCH ARTILLERY IN ACTION AGAINST THE RIFFS IN THE WERGHA VALLEY: A BATTERY OF "SEVENTY-FIVES" AT BIBAN, NORTH OF FEZ.



TYPES OF THE ENEMY THE FRENCH ARE FIGHTING IN MOROCCO: PRISONERS CAPTURED DURING A RECENT ENGAGEMENT, WHEN THE RIFFS SUFFERED SEVERELY IN ATTACKING A FRENCH POST.



WEARING A SPECIAL TROPICAL HOOD OF LIGHT MATERIAL OWING TO THE GREAT HEAT: MARSHAL PÉTAIN (IN THE FRONT SEAT OF CAR) DURING HIS VISIT OF INSPECTION TO THE MOROCCAN FRONT.



AN AIR-AMBULANCE FROM THE FRONT MET BY A "CATERPILLAR" MOTOR-AMBULANCE AT FEZ: RAPID TRANSPORT OF FRENCH WOUNDED THAT HAS SAVED MANY LIVES.

Speaking on the Moroccan campaign on August 3, at Autun, the French Premier, M. Painlevé, said: "We must either defend Morocco—I mean the sphere of Morocco under our influence—or abandon North Africa. And in what disastrous conditions should we abandon it? At the risk of what massacres? It would be the end of our Colonial Empire, the end of our economic freedom, which depend on our Colonies, the end of France's prestige and influence in the world. What responsible Frenchman would dare to order the evacuation of Morocco—except, perhaps, those misguided people who dream of the collapse of their country and of the whole

of Western civilisation, and whose perverse propaganda is not to be tolerated. We have not lost a day in preparing the conditions of a lasting, just and generous peace; it depends on the Rifi whether they accept them or not. But neither have we lost a day in preparing the operations which will be inevitable if these conditions are not accepted." It was stated on August 4 that the French Foreign Office had been apprised of the parleys at Tetuan between the Marquis de Estella and emissaries of Abd-el-Krim, with a view to possible peace negotiations, but believed that little had been done to clear the situation.

THE PRINCE IN RHODESIA: A VISIT TO "THE SMOKE WHICH SOUNDS."

OFFICIAL N.P.A. PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N. OTHERS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



WITH A GRASS ARCH TOPPED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS: THE PRINCE'S HUNTING QUARTERS ON THE CENTRAL ESTATES AT UMVUMA.



A "FLEET STREET" OF GRASS: HUTS FOR JOURNALISTS IN THE PRINCE'S CAMP AT UMVUMA, SIMILAR TO THAT WHERE HE HELPED TO PUT OUT A FIRE.



WITH INSTRUMENTS MADE FROM SECTIONS OF BAMBOO: A MASHONA NATIVE BAND THAT PLAYED BEFORE THE PRINCE AT SALISBURY.



THE PRINCE INSPECTING YOUNG NATIVE "PATHFINDERS": AN INTERESTING INCIDENT OF THE MASHONA INDABA AT SALISBURY.



SEEING THE GRANDEST SIGHT IN AFRICA: THE PRINCE WITH SIR HERBERT STANLEY (RIGHT), GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN RHODESIA, AT THE VICTORIA FALLS



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A BUILDING FOR THE CATOOMA LODGE OF FREEMASONS: THE PRINCE PERFORMING THE CEREMONY.

During his visit to Rhodesia, the Prince of Wales, who has since left South Africa and touched at St. Helena on his way to South America, spent some days shooting on the Central Estates, where his camp was pitched between Umvuma and Enkel-doorn. Continuing his tour, he arrived on July 7 at Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia, where the next day he reviewed 400 Rhodesians who had served in the war, and attended an *indaba* of Mashona chiefs, who presented him with leopard skins, elephant tusks, and trays and baskets of native workmanship. During the following week-end (July 11—13) the Prince visited Livingstone, the capital of Northern Rhodesia, and saw the Victoria Falls, the grandest

sight in Africa. Their native name is Mosi-oa-Tunya ("the smoke which sounds"). The royal train was stopped at the edge of the canyon to watch the Falls, which were then pouring into the Boiling Pot a record volume of water for that time of year. Later the Prince drove to the Eastern Cataract, and devoted a whole day to the Falls and the Zambesi. The party tramped across ridges facing the thundering torrent, and finally rested at the Devil's Cataract. Above the Falls the Prince was rowed upstream in a canoe to lunch on Kandahar Island. On July 14, at Kafue, he took a vigorous part in stamping out a fire which had broken out at a grass hut, and endangered the lives of some children.

THE KING AS YACHTSMAN: THEIR MAJESTIES ARRIVE AT COWES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE KING ON BOARD HIS FAMOUS CUTTER DURING A RECENT RACE: HIS MAJESTY (SEATED, IN THE CENTRE) ON THE DECK OF THE "BRITANNIA," WITH MAJOR HUNLOKE AT THE WHEEL.



GOING ASHORE AT COWES FROM THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT": THE KING (CENTRE) THE QUEEN, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN A PINNACE.



LANDING AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON JETTY AT COWES: THE KING (LEFT) WITH SIR CHARLES CUST

The success of Cowes Week, which had been threatened by the possibility of the King being unable to attend it owing to the coal crisis, was assured by the settlement, and their Majesties proceeded to Cowes in the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert." As noted on our double-page drawing, the King's famous cutter "Britannia," with his Majesty on board, took part in the opening event of the week, the regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club, and was entered also for

the Royal Yacht Squadron regatta. The principal event of the week, the handicap for the King's Cup, open to all yachts exceeding thirty tons, took place on August 4. Among the big yachts, the chief competitors of the "Britannia" were Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock," Lord Waring's "White Heather," Mr. Herbert Weld's "Lulworth," Mr. T. B. F. Davis's "Westward," and Mr. R. W. McAlpine's "Susanne." The weather conditions for sailing gave promise of being ideal.

THE MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB IN THE WORLD: THE "MECCA" OF YACHTSMEN DURING COWES WEEK.

DRAWN BY C. E. TURNER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COWES.



WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN HEADED A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING: THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" (RIGHT BACKGROUND). H.M.S. "ROYAL OAK" AS ROYAL GUARDSHIP (CENTRE BACKGROUND).

Cowes Week, the last great Society sporting occasion of the season before the migration to the moors, opened on August 3 with a prospect of the best gathering for many years in regard to weather conditions and the number of yachts of all classes that were entered for the various events. Their Majesties duly arrived at Cowes in the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert," accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Henry. On the opening day the King, the Prince, and the Duke were on board his Majesty's yacht "Britannia," taking part in the annual regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club. The Royal Yacht

SQUADRON LAWN AT COWES—SHOWING THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" (RIGHT BACKGROUND), AND THE P. AND O. LINER "RANCHI" (LEFT BACKGROUND).

Squadron, whose headquarters are at Cowes Castle, is famous as the most exclusive club in the world. Our drawing shows the lawns in the foreground, enveloping the yachts and shipping at anchor in the roads. The battleship "Royal Oak" (Captain C. A. Fountaine) acted as Royal Guardship to the "Victoria and Albert," attended by the destroyer "Valorous." Among the festivities of Cowes Week was a dance on board the "Royal Oak." The new P. and O. liner, "Ranchi," had on board the guests of Lord Incheape, including Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE GREATEST YACHTING EVENT OF THE YEAR: COWES

WEEK—THE KING'S "BRITANNIA" AND HER COMPETITORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT
AND GENERAL, C.N., AND I.B.



WELL AWAY AFTER
THE START OF A
RACE: (L. TO R.) SIR
THOMAS LIPTON'S
"SHAMROCK,"
LORD WARING'S
"WHITE HEATHER,"
THE KING'S
"BRITANNIA,"
AND
MR. T. B. F. DAVIS'S
"WESTWARD."



"JOCKEYING" FOR A START: A PICTURESQUE BOW VIEW OF FOUR COMPETITORS IN A RACE FOR LARGE YACHTS OF OVER 100 TONS
DURING COWES WEEK.

Cowes Week is not only an important social function, but the greatest yachting event of the year. It began this time on Bank Holiday (August 3) with the regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club, and the King's famous cutter, "Britannia," with his Majesty, Prince Henry, and the Duke of Connaught on board, took part in a race for the larger craft. The breeze, however, was not strong enough to suit the "Britannia," which did not secure a place. Lord Waring's "White Heather" won, and the other competitors were Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock," Mr. Herbert Weld's "Lulworth," Mr. F. T. B. Davis's



THE KING'S
RACING CUTTER
AND THE
ROYAL YACHT:
THE "BRITANNIA"
(LEFT) PASSING
THE "VICTORIA
AND ALBERT".
(INSET) H.M.S.
"ROYAL OAK,"
THE ROYAL
GUARDSHIP
AT COWES.

WHERE THE
CROWD WATCHES
DISTINGUISHED
MEMBERS OF THE
ROYAL YACHT
SQUADRON (LEFT
BACKGROUND)
AS THEY CROSS
THE JETTY.
A TYPICAL SCENE
DURING THE START
OF A RACE
FOR SIX-METRE
BOATS.



"Westward," and Mr. R. McAlpine's "Susanne." The succeeding days were devoted to the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron. As noted on another page, the battleship "Royal Oak" acted as Royal guardship, and a dance on board was one of the festivities. During the "Week," Cowes is thronged with visitors, who are interested, not only in the racing, but in the royal and other celebrities who pass to and fro across the landing jetty of the Royal Yacht Squadron, part of whose buildings is seen in the foreground of one of the above photographs.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, P. AND A., I.B., AND CENTRAL PRESS. THAT OF WATT'S WORKSHOP BY COURTESY OF THE SCIENCE MUSEUM.



RECENTLY OPENED AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM: A RECONSTRUCTION OF JAMES WATT'S ATTIC WORKSHOP—SHOWING THE SCULPTURE-REPRODUCING MACHINES HE INVENTED.



WITH LORD BRADBURY (SEVENTH FROM LEFT) IN THE CHAIR: THE FIRST SITTING OF THE NEWLY-FORMED FOOD COUNCIL AT THE BOARD OF TRADE OFFICES IN WHITEHALL



THE FREE-AND-EASY "EVOLUTION" TRIAL AT DAYTON, TENNESSEE: THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY (CAPTAIN JACK THOMPSON) ANNOUNCING THE VERDICT.

The attic workshop of James Watt, the famous engineer, which had been preserved at Heathfield Hall, his home at Birmingham, since his death there in 1819, has had to be removed owing to the estate being sold for building. A reconstruction of the workshop, including the original window, door and flooring, and all the contents (presented by Major Gibson Watt) has just been opened to public view at the Science Museum. The room contains Watt's last inventions, two machines for reproducing busts.—The members of the Food Council seen in our photograph are (from left to right): Mrs. Ada Wilson, Mr. F. W. Birchenough, Alderman C. H.



A GREAT LIGHT TO SHINE OVER BRITISH AND FRENCH BATTLEFIELDS IN FRANCE: THE NEW "LIGHTHOUSE OF REMEMBRANCE" AT NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE, VISIBLE FROM THE SCENES OF MANY HISTORIC STRUGGLES.



CELEBRATING THE ANNIVERSARY OF JERSEY'S PATRON SAINT: CLERGY LEAVING THE HERMITAGE OF ST. HELIER, SLAIN BY A SAXON MARAUDER IN 560.

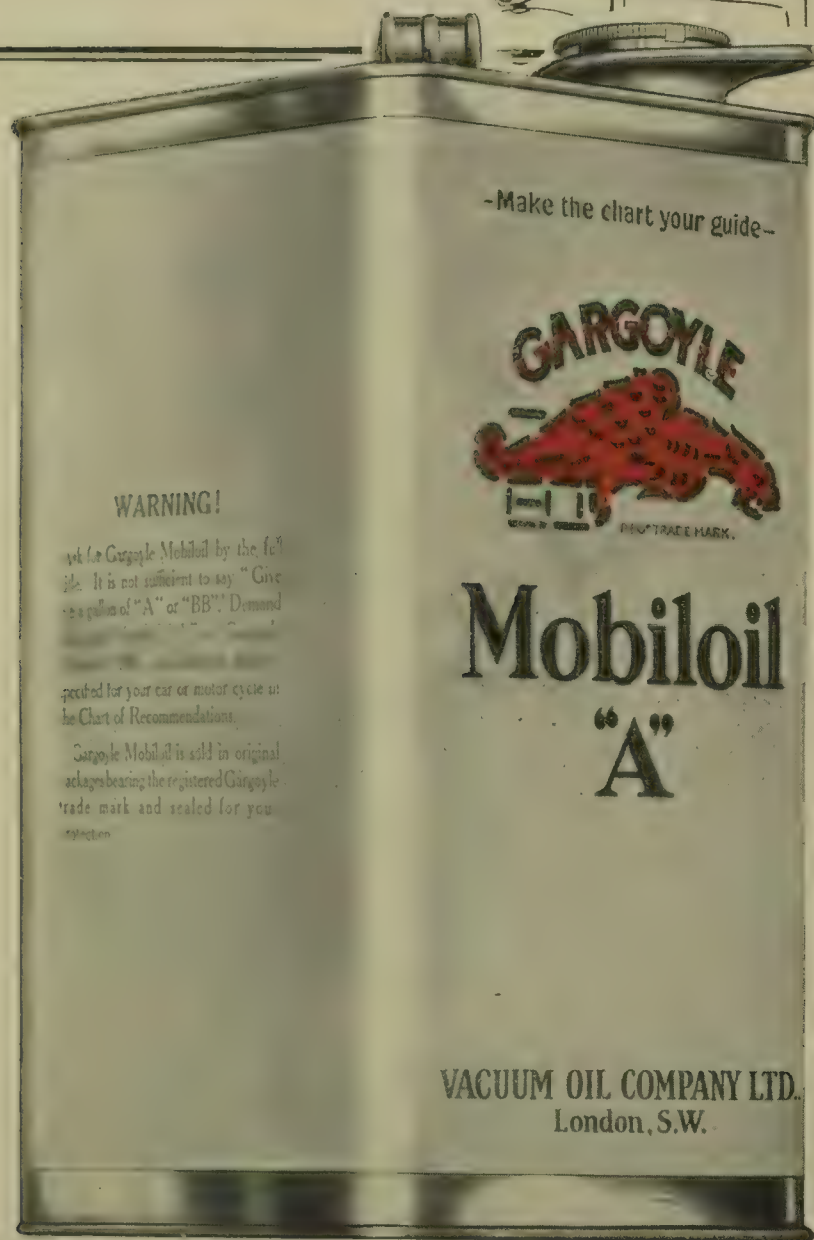
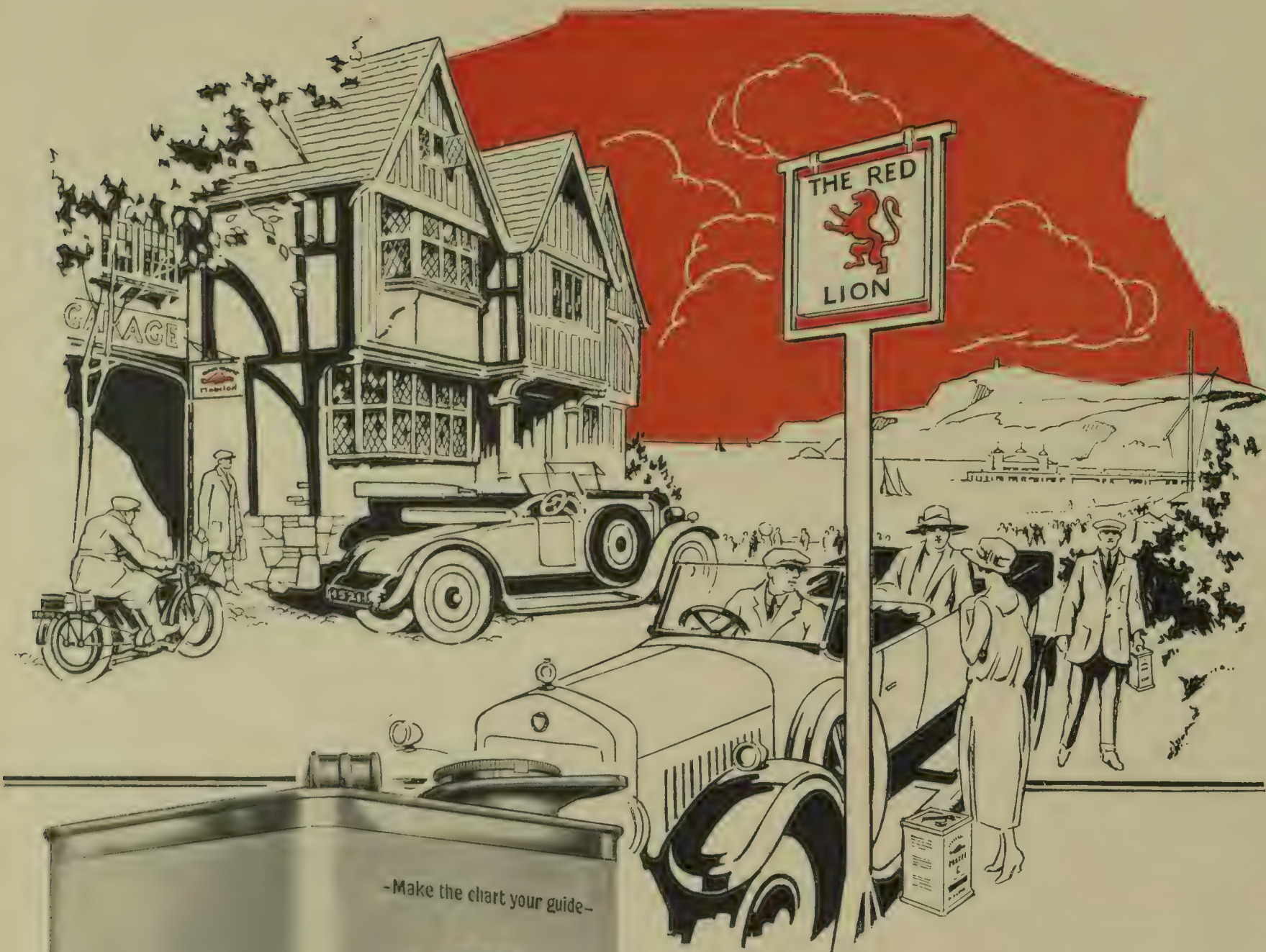
Bird, Mr. W. E. Dudley, Sir J. L. Macleod, Mr. G. A. Powell, Lord Bradbury, (chairman), Mr. L. Maclean (standing), Mr. A. E. Faulkner, Sir Gilbert Garnsey, Mrs. Drapper, Mr. Isaac Stephenson, and Prof. C. S. Orwin.—As noted in our issue of August 1, the "Evolution" trial at Dayton, Tennessee, ended in a verdict against Mr. J. T. Scopes, who was fined 100 dols. for teaching evolution in a State school contrary to law. The proceedings were notable for free-and-easy costumes.—The new "Lighthouse of Remembrance" at Notre Dame de Lorette is visible from Loos, Vimy Ridge, Lens, Monchy, and La Bassée.

A LAMA ORCHESTRA: AT THE DEVIL DANCE.



TWO-MAN TRUMPETS; OVERHEAD DRUMS; AND SHORT TRUMPETS
SAID TO BE OF HUMAN BONES: THE BAND AT THE YELLOW
TEMPLE, PEKING.

THIS very interesting photograph shows a Lama orchestra preparing to strike up on the occasion of the annual "Devil Dance" at the Yellow Temple, in Peking. The full band consists of the long trumpets, each of which requires two persons—one to blow and one to carry; the drums, which are beaten overhead, with curved drumsticks; and short trumpets, which are said to be constructed of human bones, but are not easily inspected. There is no leader, and the music may be described as "traditional, with variations." The religious aspect of the ceremonies does not preclude, at any rate on the part of the youths in training, a certain cheerfulness.



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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A PLEA FOR OUR BUTTERFLIES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THERE is something radically wrong in the mental attitude of collectors, at any rate where natural history is concerned, whether of beasts, birds, butterflies, beetles, or plants. When, from one cause or another, the objects of their pursuit are obviously becoming rare—and over-collecting is generally the chief cause—professional and amateur collectors alike vie with one another to take as many specimens of the dying species as they can, each apparently in the hope that he may secure the very last of its race. I know of one ornithologist, now dead, who sought out one of the few breeding places of the Red-necked Phalarope, seized as many eggs as he could find, and then proceeded to shoot all the birds that came within

The Large Blue is a remarkable insect, not only in its adult state, but in regard to its strange larval history, which was pieced together, with infinite labour, by that great historian of the butterflies, Mr. Frohawk. In its earliest stages it feeds upon thyme blossoms, eating its way into the base of the calyx, and leaving only the hinder-part of the body exposed. And this, in its colouring and downy covering, has come so closely to resemble the flower-buds as to make detection extremely difficult. After the third moult, which is followed by striking changes of coloration and armature, the thyme blossoms no longer attract it. It evinces a strong desire to escape from the blazing sun of mid-July, and seeks a refuge, of all places in the world, in the teeming, acrid galleries of an ant-hill.

Here indeed the unexpected has happened. No wonder the entomologists for long years hunted in vain for the later stages in the life of this caterpillar; no wonder captives refused all food offered them after the third

moult. But how and when and why can this extraordinary habit have come about? Briefly, it would seem that after its third moult it wanders about till it meets a foraging ant of one or other of two common wood-haunting species. The ant caresses it, and in response to these kindly attentions the caterpillar exudes from a honey-gland, developed only after this moult, a sweet liquid, on which the ant regales itself. These caresses, and their appropriate responses, having been frequently repeated, the caterpillar inflates the forepart of the body, which seems to be taken by the ant as a signal that the caterpillar is anxious to be moving. So it is forthwith conveyed to the ants' nest, and there released to feed at will upon "ants' eggs," as the larval ants are called. In return, these infanticides call upon the caterpillar for a constant supply of honey, which is apparently forthcoming till pupation arrives to terminate these feasts. Here it remains till, in June or July, the sleeper wakes, but in a new guise, crawling out of the nest to spread its wings in the sun.

One would like to know more of the nature of this "honey." It may be found that it exhales an odour pleasing to the ant, perhaps because reminiscent of formic acid. Its secret hiding-place having now become common property, its last hope of escape from extermination seems to have vanished. One man, as soon as this strange story came to light, dug up every ants' nest he could find in his search for larvæ and pupæ! In 1924 some half-dozen collectors, after

a week's strenuous search of the ant-hills in its last known resort, managed to secure *nine* specimens between them. Nine specimens where, thirty years years ago, they could be taken by the thousand! There seems to be something lacking in the mental balance of the collectors of butterflies and birds' eggs

alike. Let it be but hinted that any particular species is becoming rare, and they will descend to any subterfuge which will enable them to gorge themselves on the dying species, as vultures collect around a dying animal. All they know of the habits and life history is where their victims can best be found, and how they can be taken in the greatest numbers, lest they should find their way into the cabinets of a rival collector! Yet they will have the impudence to tell you that they are collecting for the "advancement of science"! Little they know and less they care for science. Were it otherwise, they would show restraint in place of this pitiful, ruthless greed.

So long as the fate of the Purple Emperor rests in the hands of the collector there is little hope that it will much longer remain a "British species." This is the more to be regretted because, apart from its beauty, it is an extremely interesting insect. As a caterpillar it feeds on the willow, while on the Continent the poplar is the chosen tree. This is certainly curious. In colour it is of a dingy green, relieved by yellowish oblique stripes on the middle portion of the body, and a longitudinal stripe running from the head backwards; while the whole surface is roughened by whitish points, surmounted by short reddish-tinted bristles. The head is peculiar, in that it is surmounted by two "horns," recalling those of a slug. In the autumn it ceases to feed, and passes the winter in a state of hibernation. By the end of the first week in June it is preparing for the chrysalis stage, and will emerge, a month hence, a full-blown "Emperor."

But now the willow is forsaken, except by the female when she is depositing her eggs. She spends her days with her more resplendent lord on the top-



ONCE QUITE COMMON; NOW GROWING RARE: THE BEAUTIFUL SWALLOW-TAIL BUTTERFLY.

The Swallow-tail butterfly is another species threatened with extinction by the indiscriminate zeal of collectors. Fortunately, it is still strictly preserved on Wicken Fen and one of the Norfolk Broads. It is one of the few butterflies in which the under-wing is as brightly coloured as the upper.

range, in the hope that thus he might be able to say that he had the last of that race!

And it is the same with the butterflies. The last of the Large Copper (*Heodes dispar*) vanished from its sole remaining haunt in the Fens in 1848. And the disappearance of this superb species was said to be due to drainage. That was certainly not the case, for its favourite food-plant, the great water-dock, still flourishes there. What really terminated its existence among us was the unhealthy greed of the collector, who not only took all he could lay hands on himself, but paid generously for caterpillars collected by dealers and villagers. This insatiable desire to possess large numbers of a rare species is deplorable. As Mr. Frohawk has recently shown, the life-history of the Large Copper is an extremely interesting one, more especially in regard to its larval stages of growth. First-hand information on this head is now unattainable by the younger generation of "Aurelians."

The Purple Emperor, the Heath-Fritillary, and the Large Blue are apparently doomed. The story of the last-named species affords an instructive insight into the way this hounding down is carried on. Word having been passed round that this rarity had mysteriously turned up at Bolt Head, South Devon, a "rush" followed—and the butterfly disappeared! In the Cotswolds it may still be found, but only in a few places where it is jealously guarded by the proprietors of the favoured spots whereon it has taken sanctuary. Later, it was found in north Cornwall. Collectors in crowds descended on the locality where they were told it was to be seen. As a consequence, between 1895 and the outbreak of the war at least one thousand, and probably twice that number, were taken annually. One man admitted bringing away five hundred in one year, and he returned the next for more!



DOOMED BY THE GREED OF COLLECTORS: THE LARGE BLUE BUTTERFLY.

The upper figure shows the male, and the lower the female, of the Large Blue butterfly, whose very curious life-history has so long puzzled the entomologists. The adult varies considerably as to size, and the form of the black markings on the wings.



STRANGELY EQUIPPED FOR RESENTMENT: THE CATERPILLAR OF THE SWALLOW-TAIL BUTTERFLY.

The caterpillar of the Swallow-tail species is very strikingly coloured, being bright green, barred with orange-spotted black bars. When irritated, this caterpillar thrusts from the segment immediately behind its head a V-shaped, fleshy, pinkish structure, which exhales an odour like that of decaying pineapple!



A FAMILY THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION: THE PURPLE EMPEROR BUTTERFLY.

As a caterpillar, the Purple Emperor lives on the leaves of the willow; while the adult insect haunts the topmost twigs of the oak. The male will sometimes descend to the ground to sip the juices of decaying bodies, a habit not shared by his mate. The beautiful purple sheen of the upper surface of the wings is found only in the male.

most twigs of the oak. What has determined so striking a change? Why should the caterpillar, bred on the willow, forsake it for the oak on arriving at maturity; or why should the butterfly, showing such a predilection for the oak, descend to the willow as the repository for its offspring? Questions like these, while yet unanswered, are sufficient to show that the extermination of these butterflies would be a serious loss to all of us who love wild creatures for their own sakes.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



CONSTRUCTIVE OR DESTRUCTIVE CRITICISM?—ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S RETURN.

TO be an iconoclast is to enjoy the privilege of youth; to be lenient entails the reproach of age. "You have mellowed," Herbert Tree once said to a critic who had often censured him, but latterly became one of his admirers. It was a gracious way of making the critic feel that he had grown older (perhaps wiser)—Herbert Tree all over! Yet that which was meant as a sneer was really a compliment. The "image-breaker" who, at a period which accidentally may coincide with his youth, demolishes what he believes to be obsolete and bad does not necessarily change his nature because he changes his method. It is not age that "mellows" him, but a timely recognition that the moment has come to be *suaviter in modo*. Within he will always remain *fortiter in re*, but for the time he will store his hammer and take to the trowel, because he has achieved his ends, and, if he be a temperate nature, and not a mere fanatic, he recognises that to foster evolution he must be helpful, not hampering.

There is always an inclination to wail that "the drama is going to the dogs," and then to hit out all round and, with some evidence in hand, try and prove how bad the plays are. It is not peculiar to this country, but to all. In France the cry was heard when the Second Empire drama was in its palmiest days, and even when Antoine had discovered a new galaxy of playwrights of a new school. You can always find a stick to beat a dog, says the adage, and the theatre is a capital whipping-dog. You can always proclaim its inferiority on some ground or other; but the true iconoclast seeks the right moment, when he feels that he does not merely express a personal opinion, but that, tacitly, he has all the world with him, ready to follow.

Such was the case in England in the late 'eighties, when the Ibsen-broom made a fairly clean sweep of our dusty theatre; and thirty years later, when, owing to the leniency and general *laissez-aller* consequent upon the war, so many indifferent plays were produced that reaction and revolution set in automatically. The theatrical slump of three years ago was an indefinable but spontaneous movement of the public against the theatre. Like all such upheavals, it went too far and damaged good work and bad alike. Did not the Galsworthy Cycle at the Court play to a paltry £40 or £50 a night, when to-day plays none too well received by the critics and public opinion draw full houses? But that is the inevitable outcome of a general revolution. One man at the head of affairs can stem a tide—one has but to recall history—but when the masses uprise in unconscious unison beyond the control of leadership, the torrent knows no boundaries, like the deluge.

Yet the slump of three years ago proved, in the end, beneficial. A new spirit has come over our theatre, a new vista, a widening of horizon, a new life springing up, a new army of playwrights—look at all the Sunday Theatres, as I will call them for short. One has but to scan the London programme of a week to realise this. Not a week passes without the appearance of a fresh man—one who has something to say beyond the conventional, albeit he still betrays his novitiate; not a week without the manifestation that there is fertile movement in the dramatic world. We have even reached the point—unattainable formerly and considered sheer waste of money—that plays are largely published and read—not Shaw only (nor yet Pirandello or Tchekhov), but plays of unknown writers and newcomers. Nor is this mere fashion of a passing kind, but because English people at length, in the wake of other nations, have found that play-reading, once one has become accustomed to it, is as fascinating as the perusal of novels.

The diagnosis of this progressive state of things indicates that true criticism is for the time being helpful—in other words, constructive. This does not mean that it should lower its standard of severe justice or just severity. But it should tend towards true understanding when the result is not wholly commensurate to the effect. We are in a state of transition; our playwrights are trying to feel their

of what has grown in beauty and nobility of thought. Again, our dramatists are puzzled, perhaps harassed, by the new form coming from abroad—Pirandellism, Expressionism, and such-like; hence experiments, groping, uncertainty.

It is the natural outcome of foreign influences mingling with existing tendencies. But, when all this is taken into consideration, it is as plain as a pikestaff that we are in the van, of progress, that those who work in earnest for the theatre strive to break away from the conventional, and that those who control the theatres are not unwilling to follow suit. The great success of Ashley Dukes's "The Man with a Load of Mischief" (which, I hear, breaks all records of receipts at the Haymarket) is proof of this progress. The public appreciates fine art as well as the manager, if the latter can but sum up enough courage to venture. Some years ago, I wager, Mr. Dukes's play would have been rejected all along the line—as too good, too delicate, or whatever the potent excuses are. Then the Stage Society produced it, and the pæans of praise of the critics paved the way. Such events are symptomatic; they show whence and whither the wind blows. They indicate that the hour has struck, not to carp or to belittle, but to view the near future in the rosy light of hopefulness. Wherefore, if Pinero's famous "Praise, praise, praise" would still be an exaggerated proposition unless tempered with much discretion, we should undoubtedly make "constructive criticism" our *credo*, in order to foster the onward march. Besides, the hammer of the iconoclast, though temporarily laid aside, lies always in readiness whenever it is needed.



"A CUCKOO IN THE NEST," AT THE ALDWYCH: PETER WYKEHAM IS FORCED TO SIGN THE REGISTER AS MARGUERITE HICKETT'S HUSBAND BEFORE THE LANDLADY WILL ALLOW THEM TO STAY THE NIGHT AT HER HOTEL.

From left to right are Miss Yvonne Arnaud, as Marguerite Hickett; Mr. Ralph Lynn, as Peter Wykeham, the innocent "cuckoo"; and Miss Mary Brough, as Mrs. Spoker.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

way; hence deviations into by-paths—these sex-plays, direct outcome of the social and ethical disintegration after the long war. The mental balance

Well, the "Return of Robert Courtneidge," as the paragraphs have it, is not exactly a return; for he has never been away from the theatre, although for some thirty years he has been resting as an actor. As I write, he controls the Savoy, where he has made his "re-début," and I do not know how many provincial companies fly the pennant of Robert Courtneidge. He is a man of ceaseless enterprise and of strong individual opinions. When he reads a play that interests him and seems worth while, he will produce it regardless of risk, just because he wants to see how it will go. And many of his flings have been highly successful in musical comedy and in the

so-called legitimate drama. From time to time he collaborates with well-known writers in comedies, and in his leisure hours he turns out Christmas pantomimes "as easy as that." When he sees an actor in whom he discovers possibilities, he, the producer of "The Sport of Kings," indulges sportively in that way. He found Mr. Henry Baynton, and, because he believed in him, let him have a star-season, first in the provinces, then at the Savoy. It is due to him that this young actor had the chance of a life-time, and, at any rate, made some name for himself. He also believed in his two daughters, Cicely and Rosalie. He put them through the mill; he formed and drilled and made them appear in all sorts of parts, big and small, and under his paternal guidance they have arrived. Miss Cicely, so happily allied to Mr. Jack Hulbert, is one of our foremost revue-actresses, and we are all waiting for the moment when she and her husband will play in comedy—perhaps in Shakespeare. She should make an ideal Rosalind, and



"THE CUCKOO," TRIES TO EXPLAIN THE REGISTER AT THE STAG AND HUNT: MR. TOM WALLS (AS MAJOR GEORGE BONE), MR. RALPH LYNN (AS PETER WYKEHAM), MISS YVONNE ARNAUD (AS MARGUERITE HICKETT), MR. HASTINGS LYNN (AS CLAUDE HICKETT), AND MISS MADGE SAUNDERS (AS BARBARA WYKEHAM), IN "A CUCKOO IN THE NEST."—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

is still unsettled. No one can as yet fathom what the inner life of the nation is, shaken as it has been by four years of abnormalities in all directions. Hence an uncertainty of touch, exaggeration, too much dwelling on the seamy side, too little gauging

he, with his polish and his grace of manner, a remarkable Orlando. Miss Rosalie has latterly come to the fore, and in "On Change" shows that she has our smiles in command and possesses the same piquancy of personality as her sister.

BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO": No. XXII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



BLINX EXPLAINS WHY THE DEMOISELLES LOOK DOWN UPON THE "COMMON" CRANE.

"What is it all about, Blinx?" asked Bunda, in the Cranes' Paddock. "You know more about birds than I do." "Well, Bunda," replied Blinx, with a wise air, "those birds on the left, the Demoiselle Cranes, don't

think much of the other one, a *common* Crane. They seem to be saying: 'Here comes that old Common Crane again. No wonder she's called *Common*—wearing a bustle these days!'"



GOODWOOD must be a member of our sex; she is so beautiful and so full of surprises. The week began with things more pronounced than frowns; the day before the opening was about as disagreeable a specimen as our island can produce, and that is saying much. The opening day itself broke boisterous and sullen, and it was just about the time the King came along, looking very well and cheery, that the sun shone out and continued so to do. The Duke of York and Prince Henry arrived wearing heavy nap cloth overcoats, the Duke's brown, and the Prince's dark blue. The sun soon got them off. The

things, neither flowers nor feather, although sometimes accompanying one or other, are worn in these hats. Lady Mar and Kellie had a dear little diamond-surrounded Wedgwood plaque in her dark blue hat. Lady Headfort had a circle of polished coral in her black hat, caught with little clasps of diamonds at either side. Lady Millicent Tylour, Lady Headfort's girl, was most attractively dressed and hatted in a lovely soft shade of Venetian-red. Circles of clouded crystal with diamonds at either side were also favourite hat ornaments. Lady Meux had a double-headed diamond pin in her black satin hat, and Lady Blandford wore in her dark blue *chapeau* the badge in jewels of the Life Guards, her husband's regiment. They are very intriguing, these jewelled hat-ornaments, and give women a chance of using their pet trinkets.

It was, of course, a varied Goodwood; the rain came down persistently from an early hour on Wednesday, and continued without intermission through the day. I know no more beautiful place in fine weather and none more easily depressing in wet. The "feast of tabernacles," as someone called the meals in the luncheon tents under the trees, is rendered very damp, and the way to one's particular tabernacle a very muddy, spongy one. However, Britishers are accustomed to their climate, and they made the best of its worst, or very nearly its worst. Nice cold food, bubbly wine, and hot coffee seem specially delect-



Felt, crêpe-de-Chine, and a gamefeather mount are allied in this charming model, which may be studied at Robert Heath's.

Duchess of York was in blue, a favourite colour with her. It was a silk and wool fabric, the shade that of the newest and richest blue hydrangea. The dress was cassock-shaped, but buttoned down the back, not the front. A few buttons were unfastened just to show that they were the real thing, and also to give room to step out, for her Royal Highness has adopted the longer skirt at once. There was a double cape, but the sun sent that among the unemployed too. A very pretty hat exactly matching the dress was worn, with loops of velvet hanging down at the back, and three rows of delightful pearls. The Duke's tweed, which was an undetermined check, had the same blue in it as the Duchess's dress, but a little less definite in shade, having some grey in it. They are an altogether charming young couple.

King George and Queen Elizabeth of Greece—the "Court Circular's" style and title for them—were staying for Goodwood with Captain and Lady Muriel Beckwith. The Queen is a handsome woman, dark-eyed and with red hair, which is so becoming to her beauty. She is tall, and is also large. Her first-day dress of cyclamen-pink thin fabric, embroidered deeply in paler pink, with a cape to match and a hat in similar colour, suited her well. With her husband, who is fair, wears a monocle, and is good-looking, like all the Greek Princes—racially, of course, Danes—she walked about the Paddock, and looked very pleased and happy, but was not, one imagined, at all keen about racing. Lady Violet Brassey came with the King, and, as she understands the art of dress, always looks well. She wore blue and silver silk-woven fabric the first day, and a bright blue hat. The colour seemed, indeed, a very favourite one. The Countess of March, who was hostess to the Duke and Duchess of York, and who always looks what we English people call "nice," was in soft green the first day, over which she wore a long black satin coat, with a black hat. The wind consigned big hats to their boxes for that occasion anyway, and small and medium headgear was the rule. Very charming

Foxes, if not of all the colours of the rainbow, are of more hues than one usually credits them. Blue fox we know; he is a lovely grey-blue colour, and very expensive and beautiful; silver fox is black tipped with silver, also beautifully costly; cross fox is a rather angry-looking animal, quite costly too; black fox, if he wore a satisfactory coat, is almost unobtainable—his price is so high; white fox is not quite so costly, but at Goodwood there were cream-coloured fox furs rich and silky and lovely; and there were tawny and grey foxes. Have these obliging animals grown fur to match the dresses and coats of tan and beige and fawn and apricot and russet? It



An advance guard of the autumn fashions is this gracefully flaring coat of English tweed, with a frock to match. It must be placed to the credit of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.

would seem so, for these furs are dressed and evidently not dyed. Another pleasing tribute from the beasts to the beauties.



Significant of the new fashions is this broad-brimmed felt trimmed with a feather mount. It hails from Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, S.W.

able on a chill and wet day, and were consumed in the cheeriest spirit under dripping canvas. Racing attracts, be the weather what it will—and distinct warning was given, so people were well prepared, and the attendance was wonderful considering.

There was a study in weather-proof hats and macintoshes, and a pleasant outcome of that study was the conclusion that our girls and women managed to look neat and smart when suitably turned out for the worst weather. There was tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, in a mauve oil-silk coat, wearing a dull-red hat and a silver fox fur, and looking as well as in flowered muslin at Ascot; also the handsome tall young Marchioness of Blandford, wearing, over a striped grey and cream-coloured tweed coat and skirt, an ordinary drab waterproof coat and a black hat, and looking as well as if she were in gold or silver tissue at a ball. The Duchess of York was not in a macintosh, but in a heather mixture tweed coat and skirt, with a long soft cream-coloured kasha cloth overcoat, and wearing a dull soft rose-red straw hat. Her Royal Highness did not brave the wet and damp of the paddock, nor did the Duke. Prince Henry was out and about. Most of the racing women went to see the horses, and in the crush near them put down their umbrellas and suffered the soaking rain unflinchingly.

There were multitudes of silk-clad legs; most of them of those favoured flesh-tints which look so shivery on a chill, damp day. The stockings suffered little from the wet or mud: what they felt like only their wearers knew, and they kept silence on the subject. Several women wore high gum-boots, which were more practical than sightly. The Queen, who stayed quietly at Buckingham Palace during Goodwood Week, joined the King on the *Victoria and Albert* in Portsmouth Harbour, and thence left for Cowes Regatta Week, which, as I write, promises well socially, but very vaguely as to weather.—A. E. L.

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD



The entrance to the Royal Yacht Squadron's Club House at Cowes Castle. H.M. the King comes ashore.

THE WORLD'S PREMIER YACHT CLUB

First built by Henry VIII to protect his shipyards on the River Medina, there is a Castle at Cowes, I. of W., which, in August, every year becomes the scene of one of the world's most exclusive gatherings, for no money can buy admittance to the lawns and enclosures where once the old fortress stood.

Cowes Castle is the home of the Royal Yacht Squadron, first formed by yachting enthusiasts at the "Thatched House" in St. James's Street in 1815, and a club ever in Royal favour. George IV made it "Royal," William IV changed the title to "Royal Yacht Squadron," and because of the Club's national utility in the days of our "wooden walls" the Admiralty were moved to grant members the singular privilege of flying the White Ensign.

Regatta week at Cowes has been, since the early days of the late King Edward, one of the greatest social functions of the season, and to be a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron is an enviable distinction.

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Fashions and Fancies.

Hints of the Autumn Fashions.

Not until the September mannequin parades will all the secrets of the coming fashions be revealed, but even at this early date a few of the advance Paris models have escaped to London.



A delightful miniature garden for a London house, designed and carried out by W. H. Gaze and Sons, 10, Conduit Street, W.

The new silhouette is decidedly fuller, with a gracefully flaring skirt at the front or sides. Often the godet effect is introduced by panels in diamond pattern under the arms and growing gradually wider, merging into a fluted skirt. Jumper suits of cashmere in a faint *bois de rose* nuance are already, and will continue to be, great favourites, for they are neat and practical for all sports. The skirts are finely pleated, and the jumpers simple affairs which fit every figure. These and many other advance autumn models may be studied at Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge. For instance, the coming vogue for coats of fine English tweed built with the new flare is well illustrated in the attractive affair pictured on page 276. It boasts a sleeveless frock to match. The well-dressed woman who wishes to anticipate the

fashions should certainly visit these salons without delay.

Felt and Feathers.

In the kingdom of hats, the fashions show a distinct change. Though heads continue to be shingled, they are becoming accustomed to large creations, and many of the autumn felts have frankly wide brims. Pictured on page 276 are two attractive models from Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, S.W. They are of felt bound with crêpe-de-Chine, and trimmed with gamefeather mounts. Hats of this genre are obtainable in many sizes and colourings, and are equally suitable for town and country. Another fashionable innovation is the alliance of velvet and felt. One model may boast a felt crown and velvet brim, and its neighbour vice versa. This firm's well-known sports felt hats are, of course, invaluable at this season of the year, when fishing is in full swing and the moors are calling. "The Romer," price 35s., is absolutely waterproof and unspottable, and will roll up without any damage. The brim is adjustable, and many lovely colours are obtainable.

A Delightful Invitation to Garden Enthusiasts.

Every owner of a garden, even if it be the most barren backyard in a London street, should take advantage of the invitation issued to readers of this paper to visit "The Gazeway," which stands facing the river at Surbiton on the Portsmouth Road. It comprises an old house and land transformed and modernised by W. H. Gaze and Sons, 10, Conduit Street, W. The beautiful gardens form a picturesque chain of which each link may be adapted to the

size of many acres or a tiny enclosure. There are rock and water gardens and countless others in every style. The many happy suggestions open up undreamed-of possibilities to the owner of even the most unpromising back garden, and the transformations, ranging from a few pounds to several hundreds, are carried out speedily. Garden lovers may spend a happy hour in this delightful spot, where were photographed the charming miniature garden for a town house and the old stone seat in a yew recess pictured here.

Inside "The Gazeway" House.

The house itself at "The Gazeway" is the essence of modern comfort and luxury, despite the fact that a short while ago it was a ramshackle Victorian derelict. As well as structural alterations, this firm have themselves carried out the electrical fittings and decorations, harmonising perfectly with the colour schemes and furniture. The latest labour and space saving devices are introduced everywhere, and a visit is a revelation in the improvements which can be made to any house by these experts. This firm are also the makers of the famous All-Weather tennis courts, which are always playable and can be installed in one month.



A genuine old stone garden-seat in a yew recess which may be seen in the beautiful grounds of "The Gazeway," Portsmouth Road, Surbiton.



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Opaque Shaving Stick, 1s 3d.

RADIO NOTES.

TO many radio enthusiasts, perhaps the most mystifying process of the many which make broadcasts audible in the home is that of sound-reproduction. It seems incredible that a disc of thin metal vibrating up and down thousands of times a second should be the medium which conveys to our ears the sound of a voice, or a hundred voices together; one musical instrument, or sixty played simultaneously. In every headphone will be found this simple disc of metal, and in the majority of loud-speakers also. Lightly resting above the electro-magnets which exert a pull upon the centre of the disc, the disc buckles in or out in response to the rapid changes of current intensity which flow through the fine wires which are wound round the underlying magnet pieces. At the broadcasting station the original sounds which reach the microphone are converted by that instrument into electrical pulsations, and it is a copy of them that we obtain in our headphones or loud-speakers—through the media of radio waves and our receiving apparatus. As the microphone was made to "buckle in and out" by the original sound-waves, so are our metal discs—or diaphragms, as they should be termed—buckled in and out in sympathy due to the electrical effect controlled by the microphone and then broadcast, and due also to the fact that our receiving apparatus has done its work. The diaphragm vibrates as rapidly as the current changes its intensity, the vibrations being less frequent for low tones, and getting more frequent as tones become higher in pitch.

The manner in which the notes played by a full band are all reproduced simultaneously is a matter beyond comprehension by the average listener, but it is a subject that cannot be explained in a few words.

No receiving set is complete without a loud-speaker; but with one installed a whole family may listen-in together and be free to move about, the reverse of which is the case when sitting tethered to a set by telephone leads. Many new listeners might imagine that the loud-speaker is an instrument pro-

Graham and Co., makers of the "Amplion" loud-speaker, demonstrated the first practical loud-speaker, which he placed on the market in 1893. The following year this instrument was first used in the British Navy. At about the same period transmitters were applied to phonographs for loud-speaker reproduction, and demonstrations were given with the apparatus by Professor Kendrick, at the Royal Society. During the next two years Graham naval telephones were developed and adopted by the Admiralty. So successful were these that in 1902 complete loud-speaker installations were erected on war-ships as the sole means of inter-communication; and in 1906 the most extensive naval installation at that time, including the exchange system, was fitted to H.M.S. *Dreadnought*.

With the introduction of broadcasting the inevitable outcome of these years of experience and research was the evolution of the "Amplion," a loud-speaker specially designed for use with radio receiving sets. This instrument was so successful that other models have been added and improvements incorporated until the present range is probably the most comprehensive on the market, including models of all sizes, from the dainty little "Dragonfly" costing 25s.—but the price of a good pair of headphones—to the big concert and demonstration models. There are also two types of adaptor which enable the sound conduit of any good gramophone to be used as a loud-speaker. In regard to the "Dragonfly" model, it may be of interest to note that any owner of a multi-valve receiver may equip four rooms—drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen, and bed-room, for example—with four of these little instruments, so that, if necessary, broadcasting may be heard in all or any of the rooms simultaneously, and at a cost of only five pounds—the price of one large loud-speaker.

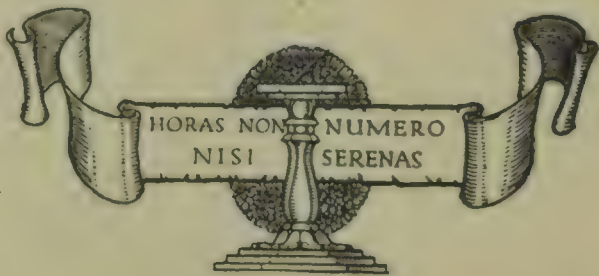


THE LARGEST BROADCASTING STATION IN THE WORLD: "5 XX," AT DAVENTRY, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ABOVE.

Our illustration of the new high-powered broadcasting station erected by the B.B.C. at Daventry, Northamptonshire, was photographed from one of the great aerial masts which rise five hundred feet from the ground. "5 XX" transmits daily on a wave-length of 1600 metres. A headlight is fixed to the top of each mast, and acts at night as a warning to aircraft.—[Photograph by Topical.]

duced only since the advent of broadcasting; but one of the most popular loud-speakers to-day can trace its pedigree back to nearly forty years ago. As long ago as 1887 Mr. Alfred Graham, founder of Alfred

ample—with four of these little instruments, so that, if necessary, broadcasting may be heard in all or any of the rooms simultaneously, and at a cost of only five pounds—the price of one large loud-speaker.



"I count only the sunny hours," says the sundial's motto. But the precious gift of tobacco is yours to enjoy at all times.

"THREE CASTLES"
Virginia Cigarettes

BLACK PRINT
10's Carton - 8d.
20's Boxes - 1/4

GOLD PRINT
(Hand Made)
20's Boxes - 1/6

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Bristol and London.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

T.C.T.



The "Four" that runs like a "Six."

Until you looked under the bonnet of the 14/45 h.p. Rover you would be confident that the engine was a powerful six-cylinder, so sweetly and smoothly does it run. Yet it is, in reality, a medium-powered "four," of £14 tax and low running cost. Models from £550. Catalogue and trial run with pleasure.

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ROVER IS BRITISH ALL THROUGH



HAROLD
NELSON

THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH ~ East ~

In the colour and grandeur of the Orient there lies a strange allurements.
The wonder of its historic traditions, the magnificence of its pageantry and
the wisdom of its philosophic charm unite to captivate mind and body as
readily as.....

DEWAR'S

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Raiding the Road Fund.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, in a letter to the *Times*, states in a most categorical manner that it is the intention of the Government to make use of the moneys of the Road Fund in order to bolster up certain undertakings of the Electricity Commission. It is to be hoped that any such intention will be opposed tooth and nail by every interest concerned. To raid the fund for any purpose save that of the roads and their maintenance would be an act of flagrant wrong, amounting almost to dishonesty. When the Road Fund was established, during the time that Mr. Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer, it was definitely understood that motor taxation was to be increased in order that money could be found for highway purposes, and that undertaking has been respected by every Government since, if we except the war period, when the motor taxes went into the common fund, as was only right and proper in the circumstances. After the war we again had an increase of taxation, once more on the distinct under-

standing that such moneys as were to be derived from taxing mechanically propelled traffic were to be devoted to the roads, less the inevitable proportion expended upon administration. It is only in consequence of the undertaking I have stated that the transport interests have not offered combined opposition to a form of taxation which is at once inequitable, over-heavy in its incidence, and unfair at its inception, since it established the principle of taxing one form of transport only.

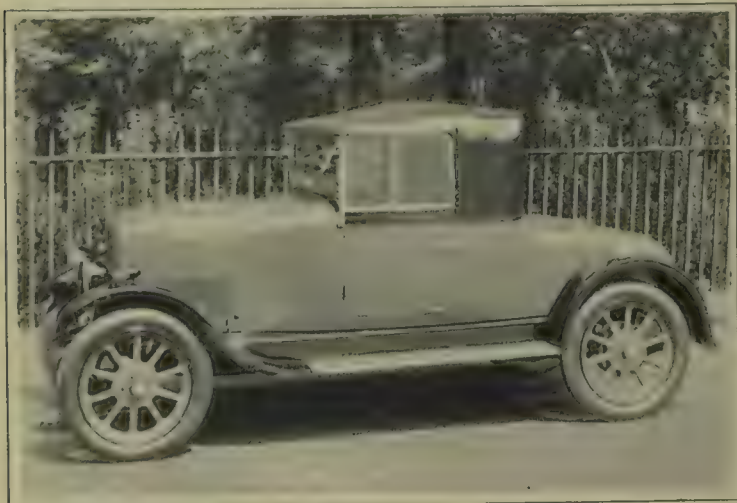
Not only does Lord Montagu foreshadow a raid on the Road Fund, but he states just as emphatically that the intention is to increase the burdens of motor taxation in order to make good the deficiency thus created. If there is any such intention toward, then the sooner all concerned get together and organise effective opposition

the better chance there will be of killing the scheme in its infancy. This is not a question which affects only the motorist.

Transport is the life-blood of the

nation. Without cheap transport we should be in bad case indeed; so that any blow dealt at transport is one directed at the whole community and not at any single interest. Not only must it affect the cost of living, but it must materially increase unemployment, because, obviously, the heavier the taxation of transport the fewer vehicles will be purchased and worked, and this must have an adverse effect on those employed in the construction and selling of these vehicles. In so far as the private motorist is concerned, his case really needs no arguing. We have long passed the time when the

motor-car was a luxury. To-day it is a utility vehicle, and of the mileage actually run I should think it is safe to say that seven-tenths is run in connection at least with business affairs. Already the tax levied



THE LATEST STYLE OF A FAMOUS CAR: THE NEW FIAT MODEL. This 10-15-h.p. coupé, mounted on the Model 502 chassis, is the new Fiat model. The chassis is slightly longer and wider than the 501 model, from which the specification of the car does not otherwise differ. It is priced at £435, has English coachwork, and can accommodate five persons.



A REST BY THE WAYSIDE: HOLIDAYING IN THE LATEST SWIFT FOUR-SEATER.

The owners of this car—the latest 10-h.p. Swift four-seater—are here seen on a holiday ride in beautiful Bucks. They have stopped to gather the grasses by the roadside in this spot off the beaten track near Aylesbury.

on the private car owner is roughly an average of 1½d. per mile, and if that is not over-taxation then I am at a loss to define what would be.

The R.A.C. and Safety.

Some little time ago the R.A.C. appointed a special committee to consider methods of increasing road safety, especially with regard to warning signs and the respective traffic values of crossing and converging roads. The committee duly made its report, which was considered at a recent meeting of the general committee. The report was very fully discussed, and the unanimous opinion was expressed that its adoption by the authorities would lead to a marked decrease in the number of road accidents. The recommendations are interesting enough to be worth quoting in full. They are as follows—

"(1) That where two or more roads converge or

[Continued overleaf.]

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ECONOMY

IN the very laudable desire for economy in building a motor car body, it is not necessary to be shoddy either in workmanship or in design. Lines may still be graceful. Materials may still be good.

The new and up to the minute equipment of Hall, Lewis & Co. renders possible a most unusual combination of luxuriance and economy.

We should like to prove this to you by submitting free of any charge or obligation designs for your car with their prices. May we have that pleasure?

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This very definite acceptance of Champion by the motor car industry is due to but one fact—that Champion has proved, not only in engineering tests, but in millions of cars in actual service, that it is the better spark plug.

Install a complete new set of Champions to-day. A decided improvement will be immediately noticed.

Sold by Dealers everywhere. Price 4/-

Champion Sparking Plug Co., Ltd.,
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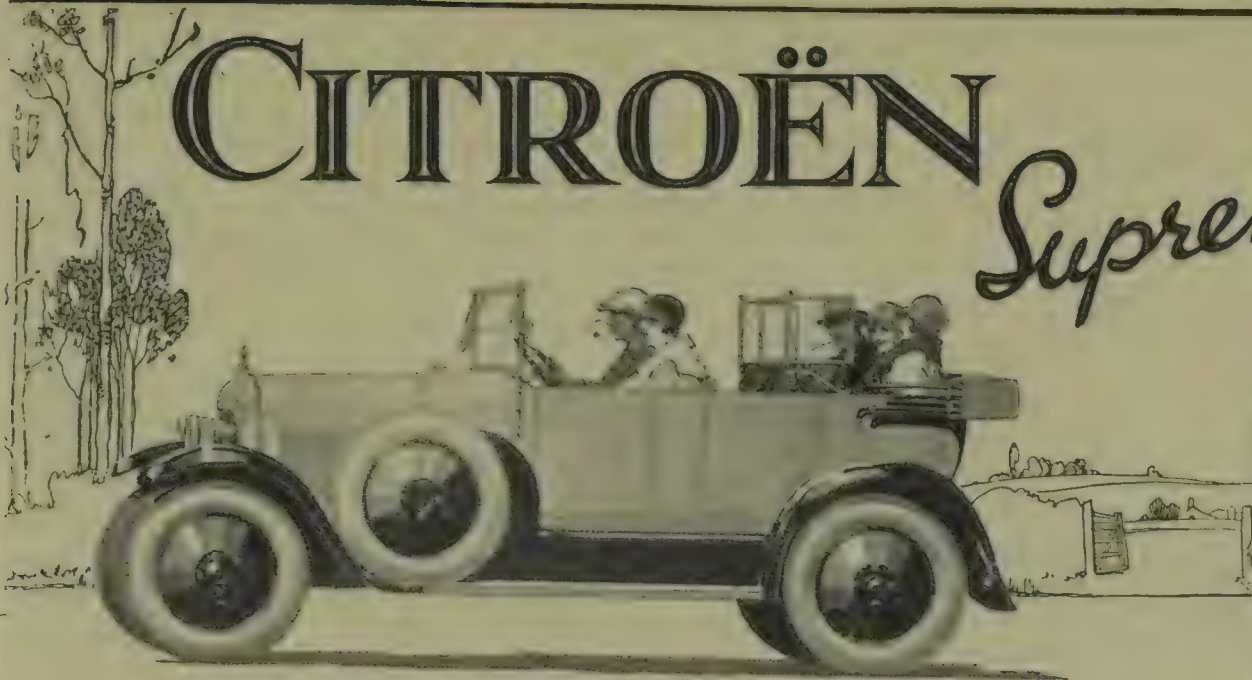


CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

CITROËN

Supreme Value!
£180



11.4 H.P. ENGLISH BODY 4-SEATER £235

C Reliability, economy and comfort are taken-for-granted features of all Citroën Models. The equipment of the 11.4 h.p. English Body 4-seater adds a note of luxury to a particularly handsome and attractive car. It includes Electric Lighting and Starting, 5 Electric Lamps, Electric Horn, 5 Detachable Disc Wheels and 5 "Comfort" Tyres, Nickel-plated adjustable Front Windscreen, Automatic Windscreen Wiper, Shock Absorbers, Scuttle Ventilators, Kit of Tools, Hood, Hood Envelope, Rigid All-weather Side Curtains, Fibre Mat in front, Carpeting for rear floor, Dashboard Clock, Speedometer, Boyce Motometer, Petrol Gauge, Petrol Filter, Driving Mirror, Licence Holder, Dash Lamp, Inspection Lamp, Tecalet Chassis Lubrication, Mahogany Tool Box on Running Board, and Folding Rear Windscreen.

Write for Citroën Book F

CITROËN CARS LTD., Citroën Building, Brook Green, Hammersmith, W.6

Showrooms: 60, Piccadilly, W.1

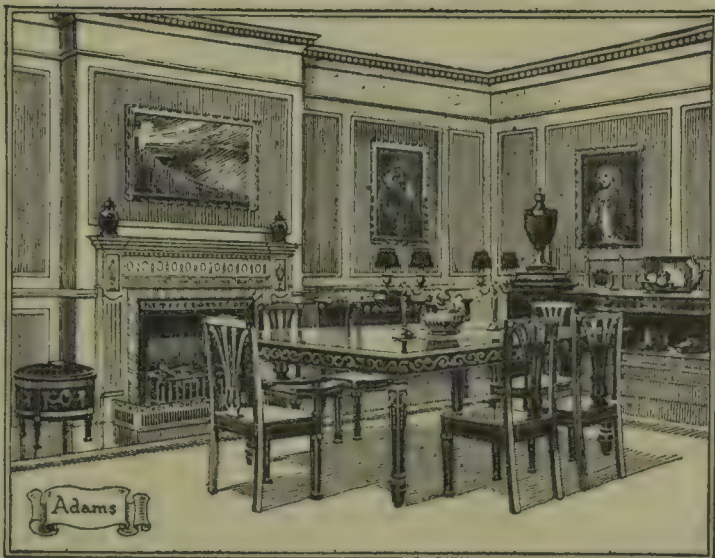


11.4 H.P. 3-SEATER
CLOVERLEAF
£180

This smart, inexpensive new model provides very comfortable accommodation for three full-sized persons and luggage.

Arranged in cloverleaf fashion, the seats are of the fixed type and very roomy. A most desirable feature is that all three passengers have complete hood and side curtain protection in inclement weather.

K 284.



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Is made in styles to suit all Period Furniture. Your furnishing house can show them to you.

It is indistinguishable from leather and much cheaper.

It can be cleaned with soap and water.

It is unscratchable.

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Samples at all furnishing houses. See "REXINE" is specified on invoice to prevent substitution.

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12 h.p.	2-Seater £275	
MODELS	4-Seater £295	
Tax £12	Coupé £330	
Other models - from £260		
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Four speed gear box with right hand control; luxurious real leather upholstery; full equipment, including electric and bulb horns, clock, speedometer, driving mirror, and screen wiper. Five Dunlop cord balloon tyres, pressed steel wheels.

STROUD MOTOR MFG. CO., LTD.,
DUDBRIDGE, STROUD, GLOS.

HAMPTON
CARS were first
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Continued.

cross, one of these roads must, for the purpose of each particular junction or crossing, be determined as the chief road and the others as subsidiary roads, each junction being considered on its own merits. (2) That overtaking on 'blind' corners, highly arched bridges, and crests of hills which are sufficiently arched to be 'blind,' is always driving to the public danger, and therefore a class of driving suitable for action by the authorities against offenders. (3) That warning signs be used as follows: (a) All chief roads near where they are crossed by subsidiary roads should bear a special warning sign indicating the proximity of that subsidiary road, whenever the existence of the subsidiary road is not apparent, and only then. (b) All subsidiary roads near where they cross chief roads should bear a warning sign indicating the proximity of a chief road. (c) In the case of a subsidiary road coming into a chief road and not crossing it, the necessity for a warning sign for such junction should be considered. (4) That the warning sign should be placed only on the left-hand side of the road. (5) That the disposition of warning signs (whether triangles or others) as installed at present should be carefully revised by selected committees of experienced drivers, under the guidance of some single central body, notably in order to remove all signs which are not really necessary, thus securing real importance to the warning sign. (6) That the warning sign adopted should be protected by law, so as to make its unauthorised use an offence. (7) That warning signs painted upon the surface of the road are effective warning signals."

All these recommendations are good, but surely it did not require a special committee to discover their

merits! The whole scheme was set out by the *Auto* before the war, and again strenuously advocated by that journal afterwards.

The Police and Cyclists.

The warning addressed to cyclists by the Commissioner of Police is very timely and very much needed. As a class, I have always found cyclists what may be termed good road users, asking no more

individuals will shoot out of side turnings right under the bonnets of fast-travelling cars, missing them by a hair's breadth, and apparently enjoying the state of consternation induced in the nerve-racked driver of the car. They "cut in" in traffic, seemingly regardless of their own lives, and certainly without regard to the safety of others. For choice they like to pass between moving vehicles and the kerb without any realisation of the fact that traffic conditions may

compel a sudden swerve inwards by the vehicle they are passing, and when they do meet with an accident, as almost inevitably they must sooner or later, it is the motorist who is generally blamed. On the open road, this kind of cyclist loves to ride in droves, occupying two-thirds of the roadway and refusing to give way to overtaking cars until absolutely compelled. As I have said, most cyclists are as good road-users as any, but my deliberate opinion is that the worst of all road-hogs is the one on a bicycle. For sheer bad manners and the deliberate courting of danger he has all the rest beaten to a frazzle.

Children's Day.

The R.A.C. will this year be responsible for the organisation of National Children's Day,

previously carried out by the the A.C.U. The dates selected are September 19 and 20, and all motor and motor-cycling clubs are asked to assist in making the day as successful as possible. Offers of help from owners of cars and side-cars unattached to any club will also be much appreciated, and should be sent to the R.A.C., 83, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, marked "National Children's Day."

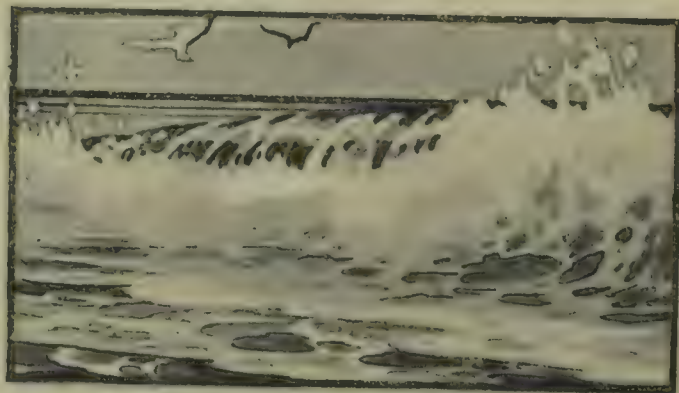
W. W.



ATTENDING TO A WRECKED CAR: A MOTOR AMBULANCE AT WORK UNDER THE YELLOW CROSS—AND CARRYING A SEARCHLIGHT FOR NIGHT WORK.

A demonstration was given the other day, at Alfreton, showing how the Auto-Ambulance cars deal quickly with the results of collisions or other accidents on the road. There is now a service of 150 such ambulances in this country, and the one carrying the Yellow Cross, seen hauling the overturned car on to its wheels, is equipped with a searchlight for night work.—[Photo. Topical Press.]

than their share and riding with every consideration for others. But, as in the case of the motorist, the many are made to suffer for the sins of the few, and it is the minority which has caused the Commissioner to issue his warning. Every motorist of experience has cause to marvel not that there are so many road accidents in which cyclists are involved, but that there are so few. A certain section of cyclists seems to glory in taking the most appalling risks. These



Invigorating!

As invigorating as surf bathing is a bath with Wright's Coal Tar Soap. It cleanses the skin to its very depth, and leaves the body fresh and invigorated. Get the holiday feeling into your skin by using

6d.
per tablet.
Bath size
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WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

"Skippers make the meal—"

OUR SIXPENNY FREE GIFT.

Send label from a tin of "Skippers" to Angus Watson and Company, Limited, 34, Ellison Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in return for "Bestway" Ready-to-Serve Sixpenny Recipe Book Free. This book shows how to serve all kinds of meals without cooking and contains particulars of two interesting Competitions.



FREE 10-day test. Send the coupon

Cloudy teeth— dull teeth

How to make them whiter—quickly

The new way world's
dental authorities advise.
What to do

THOSE whiter teeth that you envy. Don't think that they are beyond you. You can now lighten dull and dingy teeth—make them gleam and glisten.

Modern science has discovered a new way. A method different in formula, action and effect from any you have ever used. This offers you a test. Simply use the coupon; it brings free a 10-day tube.

Look for film on your teeth—that's the cause. How to combat it

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a film. That's the cause of the trouble. You must fight it.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural lustre of your teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay.

So dingy teeth mean more than loss of good appearance. They may indicate danger, grave danger to your teeth.

New methods now that mean greater tooth beauty plus better protection from tooth troubles

Ordinary tooth pastes were unable to cope adequately with that film. Not one could effectively combat it. Harsh grit tended to injure the enamel. Soap and chalk were inadequate.

Now modern dental science has found new combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. They are embodied in a new-type tooth paste called Pepsodent—a scientific method that is changing the tooth cleaning habits of some fifty different nations.

Don't you think it worth while to try it for 10 days; then to note results yourself?



Send coupon for free
10-day test

Make the test to-day. Clip the coupon for a free 10-day tube. Or get a full-size tube from your chemist. Why follow old methods when world's dental authorities urge a better way?

FILM the worst
enemy to teeth

Remove it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for
10-Day Tube **Pepsodent** TRADE MARK
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
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Send to

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Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

L.L.N. 8/8/25

AERTEX UNDERWEAR

ensures coolness without chill;
warmth without discomfort

THE VAGARIES of
our summer demand
underwear to match,
suitable for the halcyon
days when the sun shines
bravely, suitable for the
dull days which betray
summer's fair promise.

A task for any underwear but
AERTEX fulfils it. The secret
(if a fact known to hundreds of
thousands can still be called a
secret)—the secret is in the tiny
air cells of AERTEX fabric
which provide free access of
oxygen to the pores and so
stabilise the temperature of the
body.

All of which sounds rather
"hygienic"—a term appreciated
in the concrete; abhorred in the
abstract.

But AERTEX fabric ensures
just this perfect underwear
comfort and a degree of physi-
cal fitness which ordinary
underwear cannot provide.

If you seek to feel at the top of
your form all this summer the
suggestion is—wear AERTEX.
You will wear AERTEX next
summer... and on... and on...
and on.



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"931"
HALF SLEEVE VEST
& TRUNK DRAWERS



COMBINATION OF
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See the AERTEX label
on all garments
—your guarantee of quality.
Refuse imitations.

"The Little Fairy
of Good Health
says: 'Wear
AERTEX for
your health's
sake.'"



THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

GREENERY STREET. By DENIS MACKAIL. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

The greenery of "Greenery Street" is of the same metaphorical kind as that implied in the name of Mr. Verdant Green, undergraduate of Oxford University. There was no natural verdure, according to the cover design, in Greenery Street itself, although at one end could be seen "the dusty solidity of London trees in July, where they rose massively behind the railings of Paradise Square." The street, composed of thirty-six little houses, figures in the story as the last refuge of honeymoon couples in search of a domicile, during their first year of wedlock, until an addition to the family compels them to seek more commodious quarters. We follow the fortunes of a typical couple, Ian and Felicity Foster, drawn from that stratum of middle-class society wherein it is still considered necessary for a young wife, absolutely ignorant of the domestic arts, to set up house with two servants and a "Peke." Mr. Mackail writes in a vein of genial banter, and his book is a light-hearted satire on the amiable futility that marks a prevalent type among modern young persons—of both sexes—and their parents. In spite of their incompetence, however, the reader cannot help liking Ian and Felicity for their mutual loyalty, while the picture of their "greenery" and its results is a pure joy.

TENEMENT: A NOVEL OF GLASGOW LIFE.

By JOHN COCKBURN. (Blackwood; 7s. 6d. net.)

Glasgow, with its evictions and its clamorous "red" brigade in Parliament, has become a factor of sinister significance in the national life. It behoves us all to know what life in Glasgow is like, and here is a book that describes it with stark realism. By way of prologue to the story, the author gives a general description of the city, and indicates the particular section of its big population from which his characters are drawn. "The real, vital Glasgow," he says, lies between two extremes—one the West End and the other "the down-and-outers of the cow-caddens and the East End slums. . . The slums may shout and squeal. The mansions are permitted a pompously instructive attitude. But it is to the whisper of the middle tenements that St. Mungo hearkens and upon which he acts. The autocrats of Kelvinside and Giffnock and the hooligans of the slum hives count for little." Glasgow is a city of tenements, "street after street of them, several square miles of

them," and the tenement dwellers "live in deadly fear of gossip. . . Each building, each close, sets its own standard of scandal." Such is the atmosphere of Mr. Cockburn's story. It is not altogether an enlivening story, and it is not meant to be so, but it pictures a phase of Glasgow life with uncompromising fidelity.

THE EX-GENTLEMAN. By THIRZA NASH. (Jarrolds; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a story of South Africa which opens, during the Boer War, with the birth of the heroine and the death of her mother in a buck-wagon, which had conveyed them and others in haste from a farm on the veldt to avoid the "Rooineks." The little orphan girl, whose father had been killed some



ORDERLINESS AND DECORATION COMBINED: A ROOM FITTED WITH THE MINTY SECTIONAL BOOKCASE.

The mere presence of a considerable number of books gave a room the stamp of untidiness in the past, and a library was often like a lumber-room. That need never be so now when a room is equipped with the Minty Bookcase, which keeps books tidy and dustless and always accessible.

months before, was of gentle blood, but it fell to her lot to be brought up among Trekboers, nomadic people of a rough and degraded type, living in ox-wagons, and wandering in search of pasture for their herds. "The Trekboer," we read, "lost touch, degenerated in language and in habits, forgot his little learning, built no home, no village, cultivated no farm; trekked only, increasing his cattle, his sheep, and his children, sinking lower and lower in the social scale with each generation. He now constitutes a problem in South Africa." With her picture of Trekboer life, Mrs. Nash is said to have broken new ground in fiction; but it does not constitute the whole interest of the book, for Isabeau Maynard, when she grew up, managed to escape into new surroundings. As the

title indicates, there is also a hero in the person of a gentleman adventurer, and the plot develops into an unconventional love story.

THESE MORTALS. By MARGARET IRWIN. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

Miss Margaret Irwin is a new novelist who writes with charm and distinction in a whimsical vein, and has a taste for satire through the medium of fantasy. In her first book, "Still She Wished for Company," she brought into contact, by means of the black art, people of the eighteenth and the twentieth centuries. Her new story has for heroine an enchanter's daughter, Melusine, who comes to dwell among mortals, and gains much insight into human nature, with its foibles and frailties, at the Court of the Emperor Eminondas. The Court was extremely modern in its manners and conversation, and the experiences of this up-to-date Miranda, to whom the ways of men were as strange as to the daughter of Prospero, involve much witty dialogue and intriguing situations. The book is a clever *tour de force*, both on the imaginative and the satirical side.

DUCDAME. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d. net.)

As recalled by a prefatory quotation from "As You Like It," the title of this novel is taken from the song sung in the Forest of Arden by the melancholy Jaques, who explained "durdame" as being "a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle." One of the "fools" in the present circle is a young Dorsetshire squire, well qualified for the epithet by having brought to his ancestral home a mistress who has previously been, by turns, a barmaid, a Major-General's "niece," and "a second-rate actress in a second-rate stock company." The squire's mother, not unnaturally, objects, but the mistress remains at Ashover House. If the reader can accept this rather incredible situation at the outset, its developments are worth pursuing, for the author has dramatic power, and an exuberant style with a certain Meredithian quality. There is a curious dedication "to that superior man, Kwang-tse or Khi-Yuan, the only one among philosophers to be at once respectful to his spirit-like ancestors and indulgent to those who, like the protagonist of this book—

Go where they are pushed,
Follow where they are led,
Like a whirling wind,
Like a feather tossed about,
Like a revolving grindstone."



Charles I. Trooper's Helmet
with Flair - Dated 1628
Hourglass - Dated 1805

GRANT'S B.P.



happy combination of
the Bounty of Nature
and the Blender's Art

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD.
The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-
Glenlivet Distilleries, Dufftown
and at
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Wine Merchants to H.M. The King
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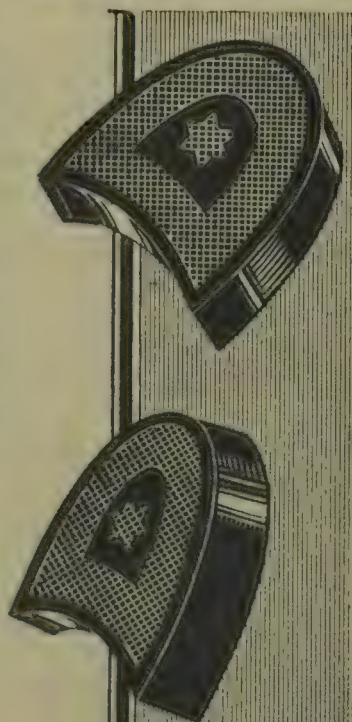
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ON 'CHANGE," AT THE SAVOY.

THERE is life in the old thing yet, you say, as you watch that relic of the 'eighties, "On 'Change," which, despite the Oxford trousers worn by Mr. Peter Haddon and the garnish of modern slang provided by Mr. Maltby, as modern adapter, nevertheless betrays its age, and may do so unashamedly. Here is a farce with a double love interest running through it, with quite a romantic opening, and with a well-sustained plot arising out of that episode of a lady's rescue from a cab accident, and it really seems none the worse for these old-fashioned elements. It dates in all sorts of ways still, and not least in its simple notion of a professor adventuring on dealings in stocks and shares; but it is a well-made play of its rather laboured sort, and has its share of amusing and ingenious scenes. Moreover, it is recommended by a brilliant cast. Miss Lottie Venne is once more associated with the piece, and "with her" is Mr. Robert Courtneidge, whose irritable Scotch professor proves highly diverting. Mr. Holman Clark is as admirable in his comedy as ever. And even the 'eighties could not have supplied a prettier *ingénue* than Miss Rosaline Courtneidge, or a droller young humourist than Mr. Peter Haddon. In addition to all these delightful folk we have two of our cleverest *jeunes premiers* thrown in—to wit, Mr. Henry Kendall and Mr. Richard Bird.

"LAVENDER LADIES," AT THE COMEDY.

There is a sort of artificial comedy which never seems *vieux jeu* in the theatre. Sir James Barrie gave it us in "Quality Street," and now we get something similar from Daisy Fisher in "Lavender Ladies." For starting point in such a play you take two prim maiden ladies considerably past their youth, immaculate devotees of propriety and virtue, but a contrast in temperament—the one sour and masterful, the other submissively gentle; and into the orderliness of their lives you thrust some boisterous force which troubles their peace. In the case of Miss Fisher's play the disturbing element is a hearty young girl who has imbibed notions of free love from her father's novels and has copied such fiction in practice. April, for that is the pretty name of the heroine of this pretty-pretty story, not only does not dread the fact that she is going to become an unmarried mother, but objects very strongly to going through the ceremony of marriage. You know, of course, that she will give in before the final curtain goes down, just as you know that such an innocent rebel as April has no counterpart in real life; and you are also prepared for the horror of the aunts and the concern of the girl's lover, who has no belief in her queer principles and is only too anxious to make her his wife. It is all make-believe, and Daisy Fisher's characters are just stage types—aunts and niece, Scots housekeeper, and novelist father—but they make pleasant and amusing company enough, once you grant the playwright her series of rather tall hypotheses. And the

fantasy is pleasantly played by all concerned—by Miss Louise Hampton and Miss Mary Jerrold as the Victorian dames; by Miss Elissa Landi, whose April is as charming as was her Storm; by Miss Jean Cadell, quaint as she always is; and by Mr. Herbert Marshall, who is one of the only three men in the cast.

"THE CZARINA," AT THE LYRIC.

One of the latest lovers of the Empress Catherine II. was Dmitriev Mamonov, "a priceless creature," whom his mistress described as "noble in manner, easy in demeanour," and possessing "two superb black eyes" and eyebrows. As royal favourite, however, Mamonov suffered eventually from "scruples of conscience," and after a while, with his sovereign's consent and blessing, was happily married to one of her Maids-of-Honour, the Princess Shtcherbatov. It is on this episode in the amorous career of La Grande Catherine that Melchior Lengyel and Ludwig Biro seem to have founded their romantic melodrama recently produced at the Lyric Theatre, a melodrama which provides the Empress a successor to Mamonov in the person of the French Ambassador, and a rather too senile adviser in the person of the Chancellor, Prince Soltikov. Of its rather robustious kind, "The Czarina" is quite an entertaining play, and affords Miss Dorothy Dix ample opportunity for depicting strikingly if not subtly the varying moods and passions of the susceptible Empress. Mr. George Relph makes a gallant figure of the favourite; while Mr. Leslie Faber presents a lifelike sketch of the Chancellor.



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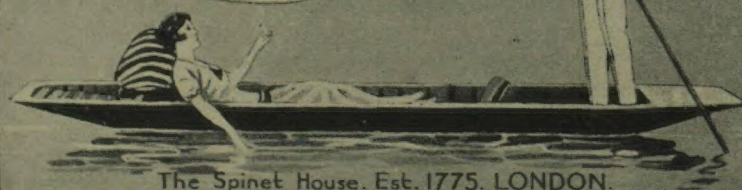


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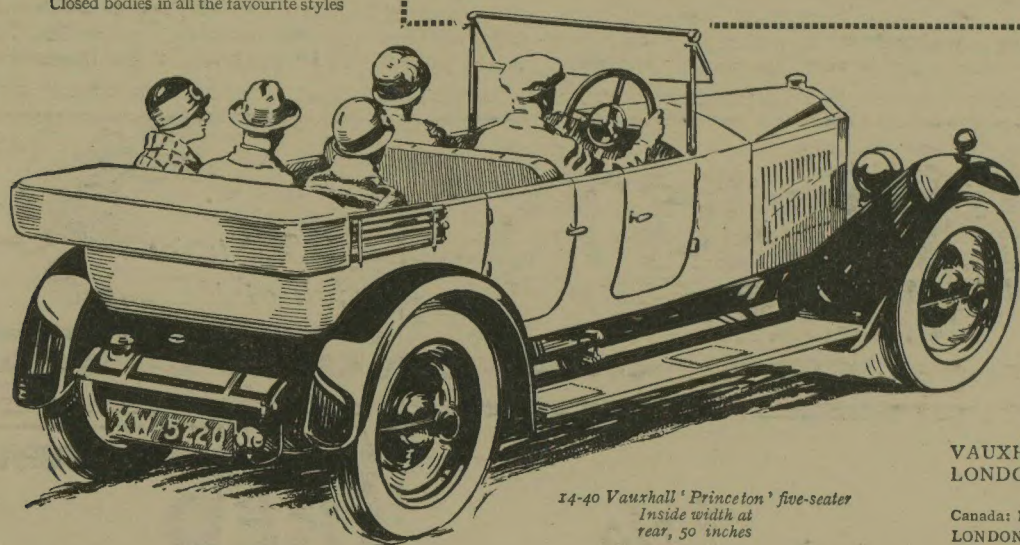
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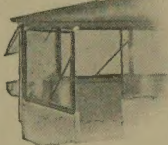
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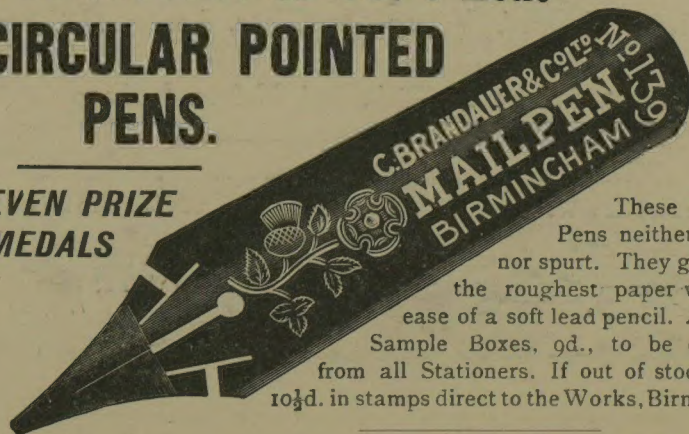
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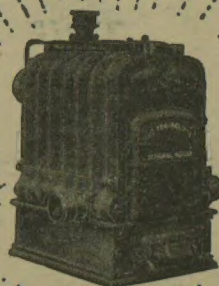
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